

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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In sober fact, no one man today ever designs an aircraft. It is always the product of a team . . . the result of close and patient collaboration between airframe designers, aerodynamicists, stressmen, wind tunnel testers, engine experts, and a mass of other skilled technicians the list of whom would more than fill this entire page.

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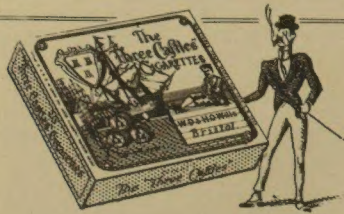


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Higson (at last winging a Pheasant, after missing right and left all day). "AH, HA! KNOCKED HIM OVER THAT TIME, JENKINS!" Keeper. "YES, SIR, THEY WILL FLY INTO IT SOMETIMES!"

[The bucolic Jenkins may be forgiven for not wholly participating in the Exuberant Jubilation which so obviously possessed his Master. But when offered one of the Sporting Gentleman's 'THREE CASTLES' Cigarettes, he was constrained to admit that although the Squire's prowess in the Field left much to be desired, his choice of a Good Tobacco was Impeccable.]



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- ★ Long Noilly Prat. Pour two fingers of Noilly Prat into a tumbler, add ice, top with soda.



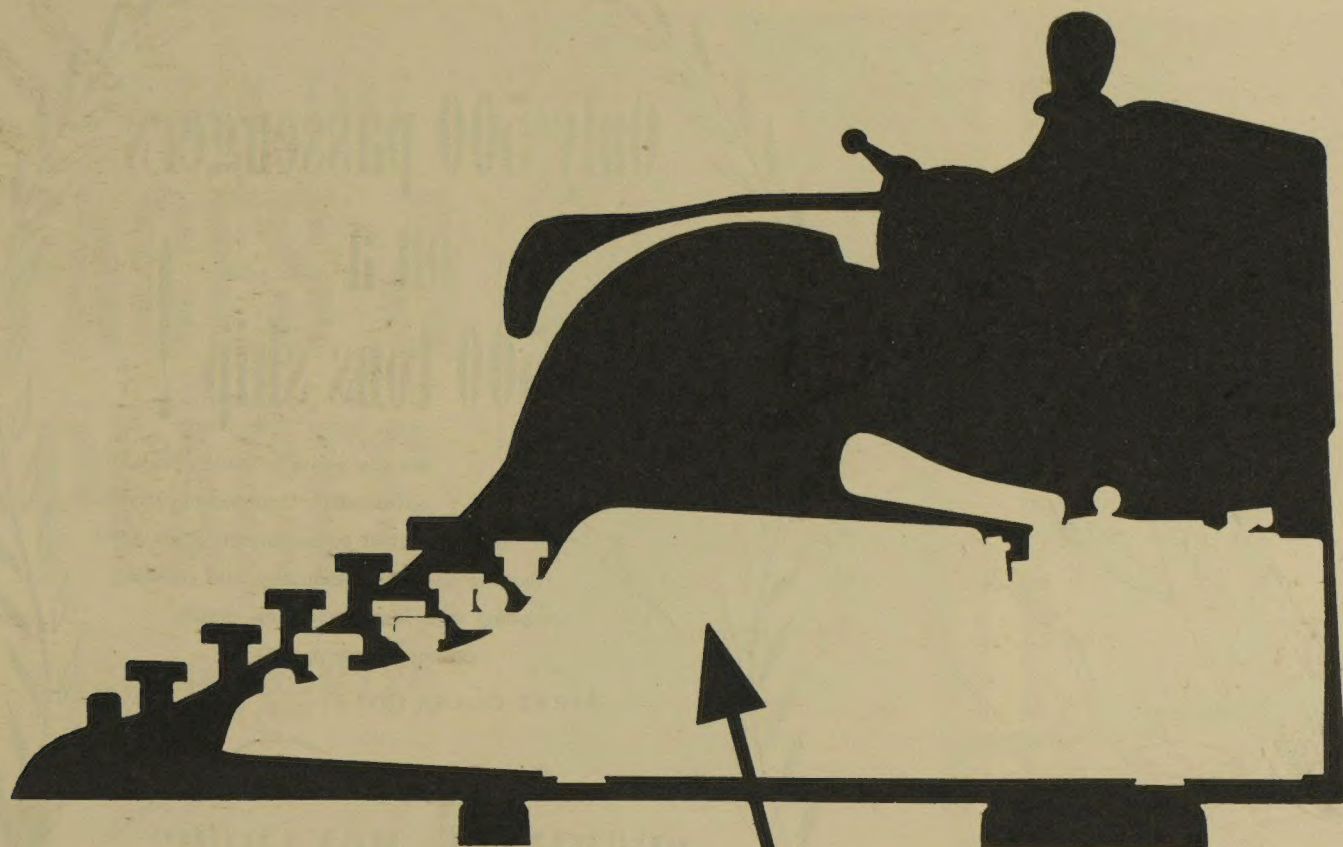
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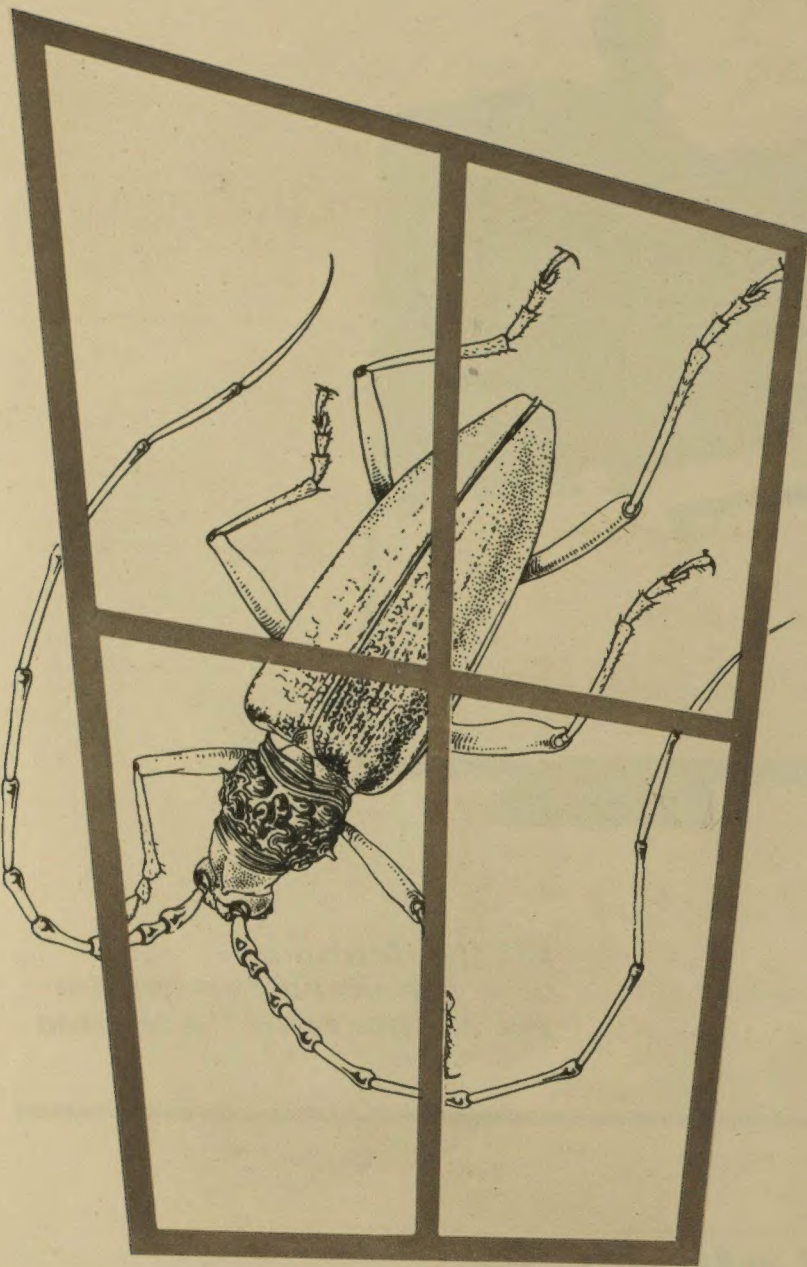
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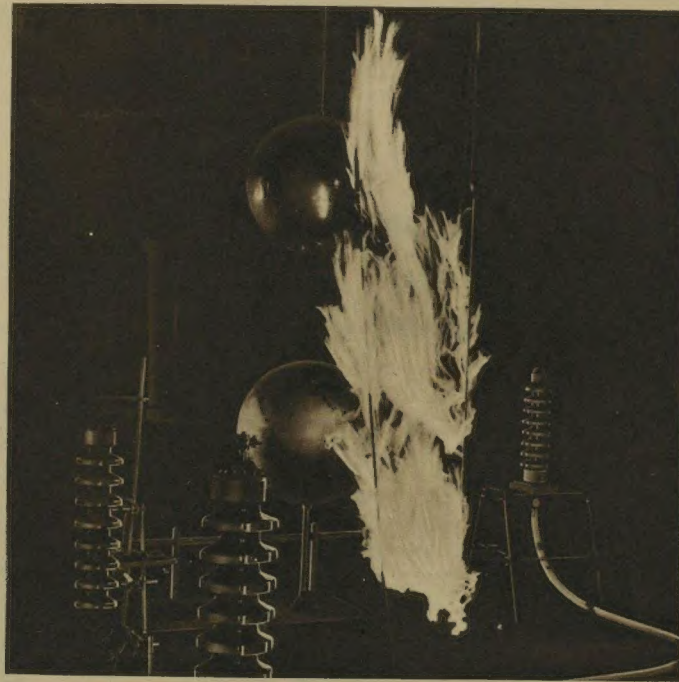
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TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI



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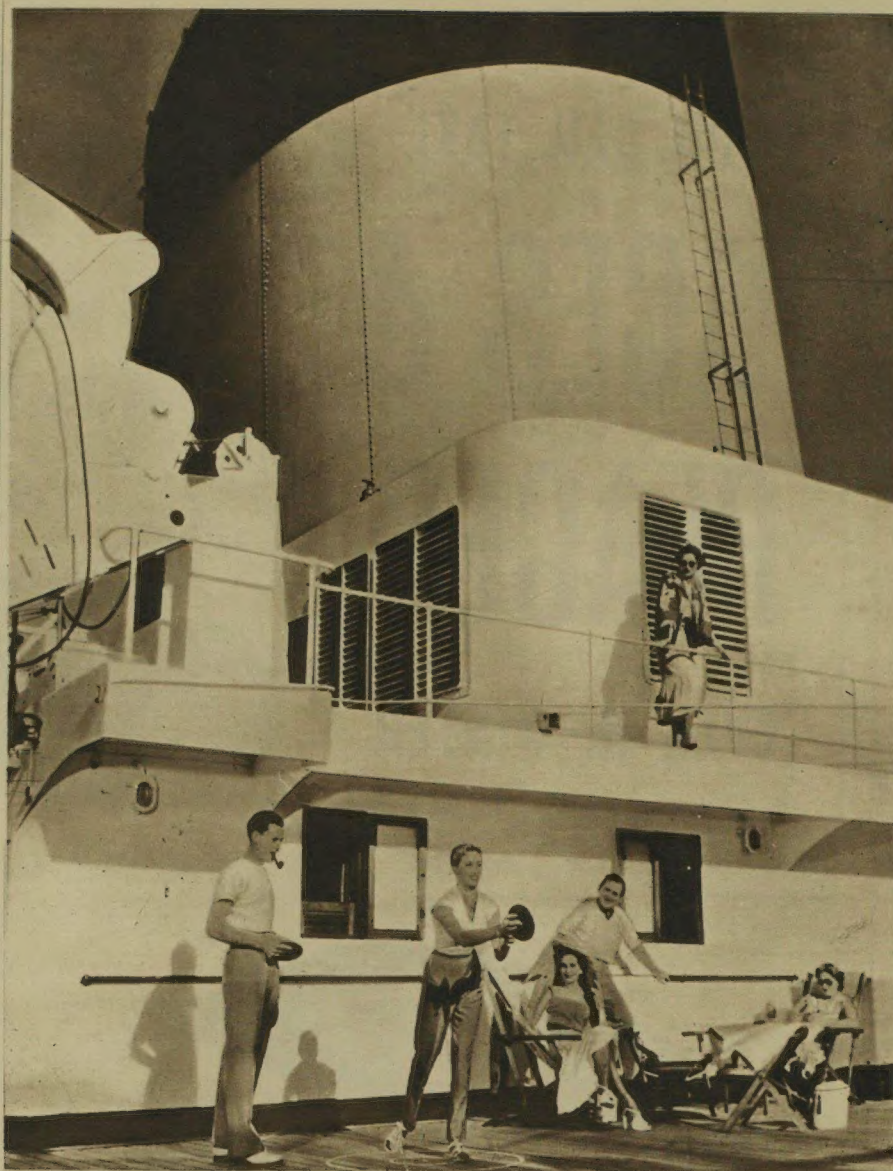
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# This England . . .



*River Waveney, Norfolk*

WONDERFULLY changeless are certain rivers. In those shallows which the cattle wade, the Roman would recognise the ford he fought for long ago. The angler finds his ancient pleasure tranquil as when Izaak Walton commended fishing as a recreation for clergymen. And still the exploring boy or man finds each unfolding reach a new adventure. So too for each remains the crowning reward of peaceful or strenuous days, the great beer of England unchanging in its goodness since Worthington was first bottled close on two centuries ago.



# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1953.



**THE QUEEN ON HER WAY TO OPEN THE THIRD SESSION OF THE PRESENT PARLIAMENT ON TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, HER MAJESTY IN THE IRISH STATE COACH, WITH H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH BESIDE HER.**

The Queen, wearing white and with the diadem made for Queen Victoria on her head, went to Westminster for the opening of the third session of the present Parliament on Tuesday, November 3. Accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, she drove in the Irish State Coach, preceded by two divisions of the Sovereign's Escort of Household Cavalry, from Buckingham Palace. The Royal coach was followed by the Standard and the third division of the Escort. Then came the procession of State landaus containing members

of the Household, followed by the fourth division of the Escort. Her Majesty wore the Imperial State Crown for the first time at a State opening of Parliament, for when she opened the second session of this Parliament on November 4, 1952, she had not been crowned. At the Royal entrance of Westminster the Queen was received by the Great Officers of State and conducted to the Robing Room. After having put on the Royal robes and the Imperial State Crown, she proceeded into the Chamber of the House of Lords.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE London petrol strike seemed to many people—perhaps quite wrongly—to afford an illustration of what the U.S.S.R. might do to dislocate the vital services of countries who may be its enemies in war. In most Western States the U.S.S.R. only commands to-day a very small number of active sympathisers. Thanks to the U.S.S.R. itself, the situation has changed out of all recognition since the palmy days of the Spanish Civil War, when almost every young intellectual in Great Britain and the United States was either a conscious or an unconscious propagandist for the Kremlin. Stalin and Molotov have altered all that; the contemporaries of Alger Hiss and Burgess are dupes no longer. But, though the great army of Western fellow-travellers has dwindled to a forlorn and stubborn fragment, the little band of sworn brothers who form the hard core of the Communist Church—for such it is—in this and the other Western democracies is still a very formidable force. In war—particularly a war conducted at the lightning speed of atomic war—they might well prove the decisive factor which, after a thousand years of unbroken nationhood and civilisation, could destroy this country. It is a danger we find it hard to visualise, yet can scarcely afford to leave undiminished. The temporary dislocation caused by the stoppage of the Metropolis's petrol supplies by a few thousand key-strikers, even though this particular strike may have had nothing to do with Moscow, has revealed just how great such a threat might become.

What is the remedy? The Communist Party in most lands is, for all practical purposes, the agent of a foreign Power, and of a foreign Power which, on the showing of its own words and deeds, is a potential enemy of this country. Until, therefore, the international situation is eased and the threat of war has receded, common prudence dictates that the officers and members of this equivocally-aligned Party should be subjected, not to persecution—for most of them are sincere and, according to their own rather curious standards of honour, honourable men, and persecution is utterly alien to our tradition and belief—but to reasonable surveillance. They are every whit as dangerous, and indeed a great deal more so—for they are far more able—as the British Fascists in the late war. For their power of injuring this country is far greater than anything possessed by that exceedingly unpopular and slightly ridiculous band. Yet their power, it must be recognised, does not depend so much on their own very considerable, though rather narrow and limited ability, or even on that of the mighty and rich military imperial Power that stands behind them. It depends on the ignorance, discontent and gullibility of the humble Britons they find it so comparatively easy to deceive and mislead. "Reflect seriously," wrote Burke, in a sentence pregnant with political wisdom, "upon the possible consequences of keeping in the hearts of your community a bank of discontent, every hour accumulating, upon which every company of seditious men may draw at pleasure." By magnifying grievances, by using them to raise needless and contentious issues which would not otherwise be raised, by inflaming simple and ill-formed minds and awakening sterile jealousies and suspicions, a well-trained few have it in their power to make a catpaw of the ignorant many, and challenge and overthrow our ancient liberties and libertarian State. We have been warned.

The cure for the Communist menace is the creation of a society in which such perilous deception of unthinking masses would no longer be possible. It is the substitution for the unthinking mass of the thoughtful and responsible individual. On this point both Socialists and Conservatives in Britain are agreed. They differ on the means to bring it about. And neither, I feel, are sufficiently aware of the urgent need to bring it about quickly. For it is forgotten that all the while that we are clearing slums, building schools, providing free medical services and dentistry, or making grants to ameliorating and educative institutions, the social evils which have increasingly weakened our country since the Industrial Revolution are still spreading. The effects of slum housing, of malnutrition, of the less desirable influences of a sensationalist cheap commercial Press and cinema—the educative influences

which for the vast majority have taken the former place of the Bible—are cumulative. And though much is now being done for the individual by the organised institutions of the State, comparatively little is being done to encourage the individual to help himself. Indeed, the predominating philosophy of one of our two major political Parties is, while favouring the distribution of State favours to those who seem to stand in need of them, to deprecate and discourage any economic activity by which the individual himself tries to raise the social, cultural and intellectual level of his own life.

The uneducated individual is thus left an easy prey to the specious, cheap-jack, totalitarian arguments of the Communist.

For, unless the individual producer and worker can be induced to bestir himself on his own account, men in this country, whatever the beneficial and remedial services of the State, are not going to grow richer and better-informed, but poorer and more ignorant. They are going to become an easier prey for Communism instead of a harder. We have attacked many rampant social evils by our modern system of State distribution, but we have certainly not yet "built Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land." The slum, the illiterate, the hooligan are still with us, as the nightmare of Rillington Place and the Clapham Common murder have served recently to remind us. What we have made in Britain over the last century and a half has been a property-less people. Through an unbalanced obsession with the making of financial profits, we created a property-less factory and agricultural proletariat in the nineteenth century. Now, with our remedial and egalitarian taxation, we are creating a property-less middle and upper-middle class. We are

doing so out of high motives, or what at any rate pass for high motives; out, that is, of a sense of justice and a desire to make men share equally. Yet Arthur Young's remark that the magic of property turns sand to gold enshrines a great and unchanging social truth. All experience and all history suggest that unless man, as an individual, is made to feel personally responsible for the material wealth or means of producing wealth from which he derives his living, he will fail to give it the care and attention it needs if it is to serve its ends of enriching society. He need not necessarily own it, but he must enjoy and exercise some peculiar personal responsibility for it—a responsibility for which he is trained and dedicated. It was the realisation of this, and the expression of that realisation in our social and economic institutions, that made England a great nation. "Unlike the levelling equality of modern days," wrote the prophetic Disraeli more than a century ago, "the ancient equality of England elevates and creates. Learned in human nature the English constitution holds out privilege to every subject as the inducement to do his duty." During the past hundred years we have increasingly adopted such an alien levelling equality. We are now reaping its fruits in an economic society in which the craftsman is being more and more superseded by the spiv and the listless dupe. The "Teddy boys" of Clapham Common were a symptom of our disease and a portent. Until we face up to that disease and throw the whole accumulated weight of our national social experience and wealth into re-creating the love of work, the pride of craftsmanship and the sense of personal responsibility and property in our young people, we shall continue at the mercy of those who exploit ignorance, irresponsibility and listlessness. To train our youth for the creation of real wealth, to enlist and harness its latent energies in the

happiness and self-forgetfulness of constructive and individually responsible work, and to provide an economic framework in which such trained energies can be employed throughout life, is the tremendous task which confronts our ancient and democratic society. If we can only bring ourselves to embark on it with the same sense of urgency and dedication that we gave to our warlike task of national salvation after Dunkirk, we shall still astonish the world and save it from Communism. If we fail to do so, we shall suffer the fate that in a world governed by the creative principle, all inertia suffers.

#### A ROMAN "BIKINI" UNEARTHED IN LONDON.



A FIND BELIEVED TO BE UNIQUE IN ROMAN-BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGY: THE LEATHER DRAWERS RECENTLY FOUND IN A ROMAN WELL IN THE CITY OF LONDON.



CLAD IN A GARMENT SIMILAR TO THE ROMAN "BIKINI" RECENTLY FOUND IN LONDON: ONE OF THE "GIRL ATHLETES" DEPICTED IN A FOURTH-CENTURY ROMAN MOSAIC-IN SICILY; A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH FORMED THE FRONTSPIECE OF OUR ISSUE OF MARCH 8, 1952.

During recent excavations for a building site in the City of London a find was made which is believed to be unique in Roman-British archaeology. In a timber-lined well of first-century date the staff of Guildhall Museum, under the direction of the Keeper, Mr. Norman Cook, found the leather drawers illustrated above. This find is particularly interesting when it is recalled that similar garments were depicted in a fourth-century Roman mosaic pavement discovered in the Imperial Roman villa near Piazza Armerina, in Sicily. On the frontispiece of our issue of March 8, 1952 (reproduced above), we showed one of the "girl athletes" of the Piazza Armerina floor wearing what appears to be just such a garment. The pair of leather trunk drawers found in London is in a good state of preservation. The garment had been laced up originally on both sides, but one side has been torn open; the other remains fastened by the knots tied nineteen centuries ago.





RESCUING A *COMET* TANK FROM A DIFFICULT POSITION: A DEMONSTRATION BY A HEAVY ARMoured RECOVERY VEHICLE AT BOVINGTON.



NEGOTIATING A WALL: A *COMET* TANK SURMOUNTING AN OBSTACLE AT THE ROYAL ARMoured CORPS CENTRE, BOVINGTON, DORSET.



TWENTY-EIGHT TONS OF TANK IN MID-AIR: A *CROMWELL* MAKING A JUMP OF OVER 30 FT. AT FULL SPEED FROM A CONCRETE RAMP.



THE WATER-JUMP: A *COMET* CROSSING A 10-FT.-WIDE WATER-FILLED DITCH, ONE OF SEVERAL OBSTACLES SUCCESSFULLY NEGOTIATED DURING THE DEMONSTRATION.



CROSSING A 12-FT.-WIDE DITCH: THE 50-TON *CENTURION* TANK, OF WHICH THE MARK VII. IS NOW IN PRODUCTION IN LANCASHIRE.

# "OVER THE STICKS" WITH ARMoured VEHICLES: A DEMONSTRATION OF OBSTACLE-CROSSING BY THE R.A.C., BOVINGTON.

The Royal Armoured Corps Centre at Bovington Camp, Dorset, recently gave a demonstration of obstacle-crossing by *Cromwell*, *Comet* and *Centurion* tanks. The demonstration included crossing ditches ranging in width from 8 to 12 ft.; negotiating vertical walls from 2 ft. 3 ins. to 3 ft. 6 ins. in height, and passing through water 4 ft. deep. A *Centurion* tank demonstrated the method of negotiating a vertical drop of 40 ft. and a *Cromwell* tank made a spectacular

flying leap of over 30 ft., taking off at full speed from a concrete ramp 3 ft. high. On October 23 the first *Centurion* Mark VII. came off the assembly-line at the Leyland Motors' works in Lancashire, and Mr. Sandys, Minister of Supply, stated that this tank was the only one that could fire with accuracy on the move. It has greater fuel capacity, to give a much greater range of action. Mr. Sandys also revealed that a heavier tank with thicker armour is being produced.





A NAPALM, OR JELLIED-PETROLEUM, BOMB EXPLODING ON THE TARGET DURING A DEMONSTRATION OF FIRE-POWER BY THE 2ND ALLIED TACTICAL AIR FORCE IN GERMANY.



THE CREEPING HORROR OF A NAPALM BURST, AS IT SWIRLS FORWARD TO CONSUME THE VEHICLES, STORES AND INSTALLATIONS WHICH WERE ITS TARGET.

#### HORRIFIC ASPECTS OF MODERN WAR: THE DEVOURING BLAZE OF NAPALM BOMBS DROPPED FROM AIRCRAFT.

Towards the end of October a number of demonstrations of aerial fire-power and technique were given by R.A.F. men and aircraft of the 2nd Allied Tactical Air Force on the Sennelager Range, in Germany. A number of different weapons and methods were shown to some hundreds of senior officers of all three Services from the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation countries. Many of the demonstrations were staged to illustrate the type of support which the Tactical Air Force can give to ground forces when cloud obscures the targets from the air.

Radar and radio control were demonstrated and also the use of a bomb with the V.T. (variable time) fuse, a proximity fuse containing a miniature radio set, adjusted in such a way as to cause the bomb to explode at a chosen height above the ground. Demonstrations were also given of the use and effect of napalm, or jellied-petroleum, bombs. Napalm, which has a peculiarly devastating spreading effect, was used towards the end of the 1939-45 war, and also, in considerable quantity, during the Korean War.





**A FEW MILLIONTHS OF A SECOND AFTER THE MOMENT OF FISSION: THE BIRTH OF THE ATOMIC FIREBALL—A SEEMING HONEYCOMB OF VORTICES—CAPTURED AT THE DETONATION, BY A SPECIAL CAMERA.**

This photograph, only recently released by the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, was taken this spring in the Nevada proving ground. A "nuclear device" mounted on a steel lattice tower (whose stabilising guy-wires can be seen brilliantly illuminated) was detonated and photographed with a specially built camera with an exposure of one-millionth of a second. This camera, which is called the "Rapatronic," was built by the Boston, Mass., firm of Edgerton, Germeshausen and Grier. It has an electronic shutter and no moving parts. The early stage of the detonation

is clearly indicated by the fact that the steel tower has not yet begun noticeably to disintegrate or vaporise. As is the case with all very high-speed photographs, its effect is apparently to "freeze" and so falsify a phenomenon whose very essence is incredibly rapid change and development. But it does at all events appear to underline the difference of a nuclear fission detonation from an orthodox explosion; and to reveal the "fireball" in its earliest stages as a chain series of vortices—a honeycomb of whirlpools of force at compound interest.



# PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**DR. ALBERT SCHWEITZER.**

The Norwegian Parliament's Nobel Committee announced on October 30 that the 1952 Nobel Peace Prize had been awarded to Dr. Albert Schweitzer, aged seventy-eight. A musician, theologian, philosopher, author and medical missionary, he renounced a brilliant career to become a medical missionary in Africa. His now famous settlement at Lambaréne, French Equatorial Africa, was founded in 1913. A leading authority on Bach, Dr. Schweitzer has given recitals to raise funds for his work; and has undertaken lecture tours.



**FORMER FIELD MARSHAL  
VON PAULUS.**

The East German radio announced on October 26 that the Russians had freed the former Field Marshal von Paulus. He commanded the German Sixth Army which surrendered to the Russians at Stalingrad in January 1943. Von Paulus is reported to be living now in East Germany.



**MRS. I. M. BOLTON.**

Nominated as chairman of the London County Council in succession to Sir Arthur Middleton, who died in office on October 19. Mrs. Bolton, who is an Alderman, has been vice-chairman of the L.C.C. since April this year. She was formerly the chairman of the Town Planning Committee. Mrs. Bolton will be the third woman to hold the office of L.C.C. chairman.



**MAJOR-GENERAL BENNIKE.**

The Chief of Staff of U.N. Truce Machinery in Palestine. Danish Major-General Bennike arrived in New York by air on October 22 to report to the emergency meeting of the Security Council on the tension on the Israeli border, and the Israeli raid on Qibya on October 14-15. He said the situation had "reached breaking point."



**GENERAL GEORGE MARSHALL.**

Awarded the 1953 Nobel Peace Prize. General Marshall, aged seventy-two, is one of the most distinguished of U.S. military personalities. He fought in World War I. Secretary of State from January 1947 to 1949, he was the originator of the great plan by which American wealth was poured into Europe to aid reconstruction. He was previously Chief of Staff. On resigning the post of Secretary of State he retired from public life, but returned in 1950 for one year as Secretary of Defence, then retiring for "very personal reasons."



**SIR GEORGE BARNES.**

Knighted by the Queen at the Lime Grove television studios on October 28. Sir George, who is forty-nine, has been Director of Television since 1950, when the post was first created. He joined the B.B.C. in 1935 as assistant in the Talks Department. In 1946 he became the first head of the Third Programme, which he launched on its career.



**THE QUEEN WITH T.V. STARS: HER MAJESTY  
AT THE LIME GROVE STUDIOS.**

On October 28 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visited the B.B.C. television studios at Lime Grove. At the Queen's request the occasion was an informal one. Our photograph shows Sally Barnes who, with other television artists, was presented to her Majesty. The Royal visitors first saw a short play, then a variety show, and finally the beginning of a panel game, "Animal, Vegetable, Mineral."



**SIR ALAN LASCELLES.**

To serve as chairman of the newly-appointed Historic Buildings Council for England when he retires from his post as Private Secretary to the Queen at the end of the year. Sir Alan, who is sixty-six, was appointed Private Secretary to the Queen in 1952; he was Assistant Private Secretary to King George VI., 1935-43, and Private Secretary until 1952.



**SENHOR PEDRO THEOTONIO  
PEREIRA.**

Presented his Letters of Credence as Ambassador of Portugal to H.M. the Queen at Buckingham Palace on October 29. Dr. Pereira, who is fifty, has succeeded Dr. Ruy Ennes Ulrich, who retired recently. He has been Ambassador to Spain, Brazil, and the United States.



**MR. IAN MACLENNAN.**

To be the first High Commissioner for the United Kingdom in the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Mr. MacLennan, who is forty-three, has been U.K. High Commissioner in Southern Rhodesia since 1951, and was the first to hold the appointment. He has served in Canada, South Africa, and in the Commonwealth Relations Office.



**NOW TOURING THE UNITED STATES: KING PAUL AND QUEEN FREDERIKA OF THE  
HELLENES WITH MR. AND MRS. DULLES IN WASHINGTON.**

King Paul of the Hellenes and Queen Frederika arrived in Washington on October 28 by air from New York for the start of a four-day official visit to the capital. The visit to Washington was only part of a long and varied tour which is to last until December 3. Our photograph shows King Paul (centre-right) with Queen Frederika standing next to him.



**HOLDING AN EXHIBITION OF BRITISH BIRD PICTURES AT ROWLAND WARD'S GALLERY:**

**MR. GEORGE E. LODGE, WHO WILL BE 93 NEXT MONTH.**

Mr. George E. Lodge's Exhibition of British Bird Pictures at Rowland Ward's includes forty of the original plates from Vol. I. (published November 3) and Vol. II. of Dr. David Bannerman's "Birds of the British Isles"; and other paintings by the famous veteran bird artist, whose work has often been reproduced on our pages. The exhibition closes on November 21.





"WITHOUT DOUBT THE BEST WOMAN SHOW-JUMPING RIDER IN THE WORLD": TWENTY-FOUR-YEAR-OLD MISS PAT SMYTHE TAKING A JUMP ON HER PRINCE HAL; AND (INSET) A STUDIO PORTRAIT.

A SUPREME  
BRITISH HORSEWOMAN:  
MISS PAT SMYTHE,  
WHOSE TRIUMPHS  
CREATED A RECORD  
IN THE U.S.



MISS PAT SMYTHE, the brilliant young British horsewoman, the first Englishwoman to compete in show jumping in the United States, has scored remarkable triumphs at the Pennsylvania Horse Show, Harrisburg, where she competed as a member of the British team. Not since General Humberto Mariles, of

[Continued opposite.

[Continued.]

Mexico, led his team to win all the Blue Ribbons in 1948 has one rider achieved so much. She captured five individual trophies, including the Individual Championship of the Show, all with her *Prince Hal*, the horse on which she is shown in our photograph. On the opening day she had a fall from her mare *Tosca* but went on to win her first Blue Ribbon, the Major-General M. Groninger Trophy, riding the final round on *Prince Hal* without a fault in 37.3 secs. She became Individual Champion of the Show by winning the Governor's Challenge Cup, beating the best riders of four countries; and won the 79th Infantry Division Trophy; and completed the nine-jump "in-and-out" course without a fault to capture the Lieut.-General Frank Weber Trophy; and won the General Jonathan Wainwright Memorial Trophy in a jump-off with the American riders, Mr. Arthur McCashin and Mr. Ronnie Mutch. The British team withdrew from the final event, but finished the Show with seven of the eleven trophies. Miss Smythe, aged twenty-four, never buys her horses "ready-made," but trains them, and has been described by Lieut.-Colonel Llewellyn as "without doubt the best woman show-jumping rider in the world." Her successes are too numerous to catalogue, but include Leading Horse of the Year with *Tosca*, 1952; leading horse at Marseilles with *Prince Hal*, and championships all over Europe and at home.



## DUFF COOPER'S FIRST SIX DECADES.

"OLD MEN FORGET"; By DUFF COOPER (VISCOUNT NORWICH).\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE title of Duff Cooper's volume of reminiscences pulled me up with a jerk. Old men, I thought, what on earth is he talking about? He is only sixty-three now, an age at which the general run of British politicians begin to think that the highest honours may at last be within their reach: and several years younger than Mr. Churchill was when he first became Prime Minister. The chapter which he heads "The End of My Career, 1947," refers to a time when he was only fifty-seven. Now he is in the House of Lords there is nothing to stop him from joining another Government in one more post. That is, if he is really

cricket as soon as my wicket had fallen, and regarded rowing merely as a convenient method of propelling a boat." But at Oxford he was liberated from compulsory games; took to riding; backed himself both ways in a Grind (*anglice* Point-to-Point), came in third, and covered the cost of hiring a hack, talked to H. A. L. Fisher, who had met Verlaine, and wrote an Essay on Rimbaud.

After Oxford the Foreign Office. Duff Cooper was held there; came into that War late, reserved compulsorily while all his friends were being killed; was released, went to the front with the Grenadier Guards, and was the hero of an exploit which must remind one of the end of the quotation of which his title is the beginning. Then back to the Foreign Office; then election to Parliament; then Financial Secretary to the War Office and Treasury, Secretary of State for War, First Lord of the Admiralty, Minister of Information and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster: a mission to falling Singapore; and then an extremely competent Ambassador to France.

When he was there he had the extremely sensible notion of making a Customs Union (it used to be called Zollverein) between Britain and France: that might have automatically resulted had Mr. Churchill's scheme, offered in a crisis, of an amalgamation of the British and French Empires come off in 1940. The Treasury and the

Board of Trade would have none of it. Except when there is a war on, and a desperate War which may be lost, the Civil Servants govern us. Those are the cautious, the prudent, the "safety-first" men, who, from the age of twenty-one, have been thinking of pensions, and are averse from risks. Duff Cooper is not the first, and will not be the last, to have his heart broken in battering at the walls of bureaucracy.

This is, really, an unusual political autobiography. For one thing, one would have expected it to be in two volumes, and well padded-out by quoted official documents. For another, one would expect it to be full of self-justification, and bygone controversy. On the contrary, it is brief and light; and the air of it is the air of a cultivated Frenchman, whose

raised eyebrows indicate a mixture of resignation and surprise. Duff Cooper is a European: he is equally at home in London, in Paris, in Rome, in Venice: Europe is home to him. He is extremely sympathetic to America. "From my limited opportunities of observation I would assert that the Americans have the best manners in the world, and I

would add that the reason why they have the best manners is that they have the kindest hearts." It seems to me that he could be a first-class interpreter between nations: and the "Old Man" is now unemployed.

But Goodness Me! I have forgotten my notes. Here is Duff Cooper at the White House: "In the course of my travels I had the honour of being received by President Roosevelt and having luncheon alone with him. He sat behind his massive writing-table in the room where he worked. An admirable contrivance was rolled in bearing the luncheon and keeping it hot. 'I usually drink tea,' he said, 'but there is always coffee there too, because most people prefer it. I know that you, being an Englishman, will prefer tea, so you shall have it to-day and I will drink coffee.' I forbore to say that neither was among my favourite luncheon

beverages, and I reflected on how ignorant even the greatest of men can be of the customs of other countries."

How true that is, alas! President Wilson knew nothing of Europe. President Roosevelt, for all his good intentions, knew nothing of Europe either. The last volume of Sir Winston Churchill's "War Memoirs" is about to appear: we shall learn more from that.

I have wandered from Duff Cooper's memories. Perhaps there was too much to say. He was twenty-four when the Kaiser's War broke out: he still broods over the losses we sustained of brave and brilliant boys; their names keep recurring now in books by men and women of his, and my, generation. Since then, their and our sons have gone in a quite Unnecessary War. And so *ad infinitum*: I hope not. I hope to live to see a British Government take a firm line.

There are many light passages in Duff Cooper's book; there are some revelations of certain private conversations. There are delightful glimpses of Sir Winston Churchill, the naughty side of him, and the chivalrous, just side. There is a good deal about the author's romantic marriage, a fairy-tale thing. And there is a frontispiece of him which I can only suppose is meant to tantalise us. He is in a well-constructed, and, obviously, permanent hide, grinning towards the photographer and holding what I suppose to be a 12-bore gun. Unless there is a pond, out of sight, on the right, I can't suppose that he is waiting for ducks. It isn't a butt for grouse. I can see no connection with pheasants or partridges. Perhaps he was after pigeons.

If I am wrong he must forgive me. I was brought down by the first barrel.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 754 of this issue.



LORD NORWICH, BETTER KNOWN AS DUFF COOPER, WHOSE AUTOBIOGRAPHY IS REVIEWED BY SIR JOHN SQUIRE ON THIS PAGE.

Alfred Duff Cooper, who was born in 1890, has held the offices of Financial Secretary to the War Office and Treasury, Secretary of State for War, First Lord of the Admiralty, Minister of Information and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. He was Ambassador to France from 1944 to 1947. He is a talented writer, and his books include "Talleyrand," "Haig," "David," "Sergeant Shakespeare" and "Operation Heartbreak."



"I HAVE DOUBTS ABOUT THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL SYSTEM. IT SEEMS A CRUEL THING TO TAKE A CHILD OF NINE AWAY FROM HIS HOME AND THE LOVING CARE OF HIS MOTHER": TWO PHOTOGRAPHS OF DUFF COOPER AS A BOY. AT ABOUT THE AGE AT WHICH HE WAS FIRST SENT AWAY TO SCHOOL.

interested and wants another job. But perhaps he doesn't; perhaps "In my end was my beginning" (and he is half a Scotsman) is true of him, and he has elected at last to embrace the career of letters, to which his contemporaries at school and at Oxford may have thought he was doomed.

His father seems to have feared it at one moment. The son says (and I remember him reciting "The Armada" over the wireless, early in the War, extremely well, and moving me; while I wondered whether the mass of my fellow-voters wouldn't have preferred a Crooner) that when he was a child he was overwhelmed by Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome"—as I was myself long before I realised (and Macaulay himself never realised it) that Macaulay was a Tory in Whig's clothing. The son, at Eton, "succeeded in getting a short poem into the *Saturday Review* with the zealous help, I must admit, of my youngest sister, who was a friend of the proprietor. I thought that my father would be impressed. After he had read it with some amazement, he reached for 'Whitaker's Almanack' in order to find out what was the salary of the Poet Laureate. He decided that the appointment was not worth having. When I left Eton, I had written a canto of an epic on David and Bathsheba, as well as a number of short poems, and I had also unlocked my heart in a sequence of sonnets." Obviously there wasn't a career in that direction; possibly there might be a career in the Diplomatic Service; so Duff Cooper left Eton young, having been Captain of his House, but admittedly no good at, and resistant to, games, went abroad, to acquire French and German (the Foreign Office was already indicated), and thence to Oxford.

There he was happy. Not that he hadn't been happy at Eton, which is a sort of University for boys, and where the alleged compulsory conformity of Public Schools (which I believe to be a myth invented by intolerable freaks) certainly doesn't exist. "I was not quite thirteen when I went to Eton, but in some ways I was old for my age. I read 'The Mill on the Floss' during my first half and was deeply impressed by it. One of the reasons why Eton is the best school in the world is that every boy has a room to himself where he can indulge his own hobbies and read the books that he likes. Another reason is that the eccentrics are tolerated. They are regarded with good-humoured amusement, but not with mistrust or contempt. A boy who has no aptitude for the recognised games nor much interest in them can never become a big figure in the school, but he can be perfectly happy. I detested football, lost interest in



1924: LADY DIANA COOPER AS SHE APPEARED IN THE LEADING RÔLE IN "THE MIRACLE." THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE 8TH DUKE OF RUTLAND, SHE MARRIED DUFF COOPER IN 1919. Illustrations reproduced from "Old Men Forget"; by courtesy of the publisher, Rupert Hart-Davis.

\* "Old Men Forget": The Autobiography of Duff Cooper. (Viscount Norwich). Illustrated. (Hart-Davis; 21s.).



# I.—THE QUEEN MOTHER RECEIVES THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON.



QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER RECEIVING THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY AT GUILDHALL, THE FORM OF THE CEREMONY BEING A MEETING OF THE COURT OF COMMON COUNCIL: HER MAJESTY ACCEPTING THE FREEDOM FROM THE CITY CHAMBERLAIN, MAJOR IRVING B. GANE. THE LORD MAYOR, SIR RUPERT DE LA BÈRE, IS SHOWN SEATED.



ON THE BALCONY OUTSIDE THE MANSION HOUSE: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, THE LORD MAYOR, PRINCESS MARGARET AND THE LADY MAYORESS.

London paid tribute to the Queen Mother on October 28, when she received the Freedom of the City at Guildhall, after having driven in State through the streets of the capital. Her Majesty, who is the fourth woman to receive the honour, was welcomed at Guildhall by the Lord Mayor. In spite of the rain, she carried out the inspection of the guard of honour without using an umbrella; a procession was then formed and she entered Guildhall. During the ceremony a declaration



AT THE MANSION HOUSE LUNCH: THE QUEEN MOTHER ADDRESSING THE COMPANY, WITH THE LORD MAYOR, PRINCESS MARGARET AND THE LADY MAYORESS (L. TO R.).

was read testifying that her Majesty was "of good name and fame," and after she had made the Freeman's declaration and signed it she accepted a pair of English Battersea enamel tea-caddies. In her speech she referred to the responsibilities of freedom, and said: "... I pledge myself anew as long as I shall live to the service of our people, our country and our Commonwealth." After the ceremony the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret lunched at Mansion House.



## II.—THE QUEEN MOTHER AT TONBRIDGE SCHOOL: ASPECTS OF HER VISIT.



WATCHING A RUGBY MATCH: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER SITTING WITH THE HEADMASTER, THE REV. L. H. WADDY, ON A BENCH NEAR THE PLAYING FIELD.



ADMIRING A CARVING OF THE BOAR'S HEAD OF THE SCHOOL CREST ON THE GATEWAY WHICH SHE HAD OPENED: THE QUEEN MOTHER WITH THE HEADMASTER AND HEAD BOY.



WELCOMED BY THE HEADMASTER: THE QUEEN MOTHER ARRIVING AT TONBRIDGE SCHOOL.



INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR, MOUNTED BY THE SCHOOL CADETS: THE QUEEN MOTHER JUST AFTER HER ARRIVAL AT THE SCHOOL, WHERE SHE LATER TOOK LUNCHEON WITH THE PREFECTS.



FACING A BATTERY OF AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS: THE SMILING QUEEN MOTHER POSING FOR BOYS WITH CAMERAS DURING HER VISIT TO TONBRIDGE SCHOOL. BEHIND HER MAJESTY IS THE HEADMASTER.



PRESENTING A BOUQUET TO THE QUEEN MOTHER: NERISSA WADDY, THE HEADMASTER'S SIX-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER.

On October 29 H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother visited Tonbridge School, which is celebrating its fourth centenary this year. Her Majesty was welcomed at the school by Lord Cornwallis, Lord Lieutenant of Kent. He presented the Master of the Skinners' Company, Mr. G. A. Hill, and the headmaster, the Rev. L. H. Waddy. The Queen Mother, who was wearing a lilac dress and coat, inspected a school cadets guard of honour commanded by Lieut.-Colonel H. M. Gray. The headmaster's little daughter Nerissa, who

was celebrating her sixth birthday on that day, presented her Majesty with a bouquet. After having luncheon with the school prefects, the Queen Mother toured the school. She saw a rehearsal of "King Henry IV." Part I., and also watched a Rugby match. The Queen Mother officially opened a new gateway, after which the headmaster announced that at her request there would be an extra week's holiday at Christmas. Photographs of Tonbridge School, together with a short account of its history, appeared in our issue dated October 31.



### III.—THE QUEEN MOTHER IN STAFFORDSHIRE: HER MAJESTY OPENS A RESERVOIR.



SHOWING THE CONCRETE OVERFLOW STRUCTURE AND VALVE TOWER: A VIEW OF THE NEW BLITHFIELD RESERVOIR, NEAR RUGELEY, WHICH WILL SUPPLY 500,000 CONSUMERS.



WITH THE VALVE TOWER ON LEFT AND THE OVERFLOW CHANNEL ON THE RIGHT: A VIEW ALONG THE 2810-FT. DAM ACROSS THE BLITHE VALLEY.

ON October 27 H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother visited Staffordshire and officially opened the new Blithfield Reservoir of the South Staffordshire Waterworks Company, which is this year celebrating its centenary. The Blithfield Reservoir has taken five years to construct, at a cost of £2,000,000, and has a capacity of 4,000,000,000 gallons. A feature of the reservoir is the dam, or embankment, which has a length of 2810 ft. and a height of 52½ ft. Her Majesty released water into the stilling-pool by pulling a chromium-plated lever, and as the water rushed through the valves into the concrete basin, a crowd of 10,000 people were able to see it reflected in large mirrors placed along the sides of the pool. On arrival, the Queen Mother inspected a guard of honour mounted by the 6th Bn. The North Staffordshire Regiment, and was interested in the regimental mascot, *Sergeant Watchman*.

(RIGHT.) AFTER THE OFFICIAL OPENING OF THE BLITHFIELD RESERVOIR: WATER POURING INTO THE STILLING-POL; WITH (RIGHT) A MIRROR USED TO IMPROVE THE SPECTATORS' VIEW OF THE PROCEEDINGS.



PULLING A CHROMIUM-PLATED LEVER WHICH RELEASED WATER FROM THE RESERVOIR INTO THE STILLING-POL: H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER.



INTERESTED IN *SERGEANT WATCHMAN*, THE BULL-TERRIER MASCOT OF THE 6TH BN., THE NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENT: H.M. THE QUEEN MOTHER AT BLITHFIELD RESERVOIR.



A CONSTITUTIONAL experiment in British Guiana has failed. This must be said without qualification. It will not do to put it that the failure has been only temporary. If success should eventually be achieved on similar lines, it must be as the result of a new experiment. One of the most backward of British colonies was set on the road to self-government. So far from taking advantage of its opportunity, its first Ministry brought the colony to chaos and might, if action on the part of the British Government had been longer deferred, have brought about heavy bloodshed, arson, disaster and complete bankruptcy. It is urged in some quarters that the British intervention was precipitate, but it may equally well be argued that patience was too prolonged and thereby increased a grave risk. However, the action was taken in time, and up to the moment at which these lines are written has prevented serious violence. In such circumstances some critics can always be found to assert that the danger was exaggerated, but during the debate in the House of Commons the leaders of the Opposition did not take this line.

The P.P.P. in British Guiana hardly concerned itself with the normal functions of government. It did nothing for the economic betterment of a country sorely in need of it. The leaders continued to hold their appointments at the head of militant, extreme left-wing unions, and appear to have regarded their position in this respect as of greater importance than their offices. Instead of doing their official work, they went about fomenting strikes in the sugar plantations. These strikes, moreover, were not primarily economic and did not start with demands for higher pay. Their first and main object was to establish the Red unions. At the same time, the leaders of P.P.P. made use of the well-known methods of Communism, seeking to bring about a *coup d'état*. These included penetration of the police force, a reserved service under the Constitution. No evidence has been produced, and the British Government has not pretended that any exists, of Communist control from the outside; but all the evidence points to a deliberate attempt to set up a Communist State. This was the state of affairs which the British Government had to face: a constitutional revolution combined with a threat of mob violence.

The British Government took two emergency measures. It sent troops to the scene and it suspended the Constitution, as it had full power to do. Matters can clearly not stop there. By the time these lines are in print an announcement may have been made as to the manner in which government and administration are to be carried on for the time being. The Governor will have to be assisted by a body of some sort representative of the citizens, and both the constitution and functions of this body will have to be carefully thought out. Presumably it will be nominated. Beyond that, attention will have to be given to measures for the welfare of the colony—in which respect the late Government failed to fulfil its duty—and the future when the immediate difficulties have been overcome. This little colony is therefore going to provide plenty of work, in this country and in its own, for a considerable time to come. The agitators have not succeeded in their main object, but their agitation has none the less attained a high nuisance value.

The debate in the House of Commons was on the simple motion of Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, Secretary of State for the Colonies: "That this House approves the action of her Majesty's Government in British Guiana." No need exists to discuss the despatch of troops. Opposition spokesmen agreed that it was necessary. They also agreed that some drastic action was called for, but asserted that the suspension of the Constitution was not. We ought to be clear on this point, because it is disguised by some of the speeches in the debate and some of the comments in the Press. It was not a case of the Government having taken drastic action and of the Opposition proclaiming that none was necessary. The Opposition argument was that action of a different kind would have been preferable, but that which it advocated was pretty drastic also. It was that the Governor should have made use of his reserved powers. Now the reserved powers were there and were fairly strong. Why, then, were they not used in preference to the suspension of the Constitution? I am no great Constitutional expert, but I will deal with the matter as I see it.

The ideal use of the reserved powers of a Governor appears to be in cases of isolated lawlessness or danger, when a malady not extending over the whole body politic may be healed by such action and there is no reason to suppose that the after-effects will be prolonged

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE PACE WAS TOO GOOD TO ENQUIRE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

or far-reaching. It is true that reserved powers have often been used in other circumstances; in fact, countries have been ruled and administered under them for long periods. Such régimes, however, possess unsatisfactory features. The Labour Party must be of this opinion, because it has often criticised them in the past. This was a case where no isolated action would have availed, because the evil was widespread. The Governor could, it is true, have dismissed the Ministers, though only with the consent of the Executive Council. The rather more promising alternative would have been for him to dissolve the Legislature, a step which would have been followed by new elections. Then, however, as Mr. Harold Macmillan pointed out, the issue of the elections would have been the action of the Governor.

white people think that we are asses and that they can use us. We are going to sacrifice some warm blood so that these damned white bitches see that we mean something." Mr. Griffiths said that the White Paper quoted a number of speeches in extravagant and revolutionary language. According to the *oratio obliqua* of *The Times*, he went on: "In all these colonial territories extravagant language was often used in speeches and in the Press when they did not mean it. Many of these people had learned the English language only in recent years." It might be said that the speaker quoted had learned it in a strange school, but that is beside the question. Assuming Mr. Griffiths to be right in his contention that the words in this and other cases were not meant, is not that in itself evidence of immaturity and irresponsibility?

An experiment has been pushed too fast, and not only in British Guiana. Where this is done misfortune is bound to follow. Two alternatives will be put before the mother country. Either she will have to intervene in a way similar to that in which she has intervened in British Guiana, or she will have to let the territory follow its own way to chaos and misery. The first of these is by far the better, yet it denies hopes which we ourselves have encouraged. The second may in some cases produce ghastly results. In others it may be considered virtually impossible, apart altogether from the responsibility for the lives of European colonists and of law-abiding citizens native to the country. Some of these territories have no immediate prospect of maintaining themselves without outside support, which cannot be continued in the absence of civilised government. It would be a bold political party in this country which would propose to the taxpayers to subsidise, with their money, by means of grants in aid, countries which had reached the stage of self-government but were yet misgoverned.

I shall perhaps be accused of reactionary views, but I am not regarding the matter in the light of old colonial doctrine. I am taking into account the welfare of elements less able than the extremists to make their voices heard. In British Guiana these seem to have welcomed the action which has been taken. In primitive communities they are as a rule easily overborne, so that they often pay tribute with their lips to actions which they secretly abhor. Nor do I believe that there is anything shameful, as is often assumed nowadays, in supporting the business and trading interests in a colonial territory and protecting their invested capital. They contribute to the prosperity of the territory as well as to our own. Without them it would drop back to a state bordering on savagery, in some cases worse, because savages have resources which are apt to be lost with the attainment of the first veneer of civilisation. These interests are our concern, and we know it. In private conversation we have no hesitation in saying so. It is a political weakness to fall back, in public utterances and writings, on insincere generalities in which no one, friend or foe, believes. Let us say and write what we think.

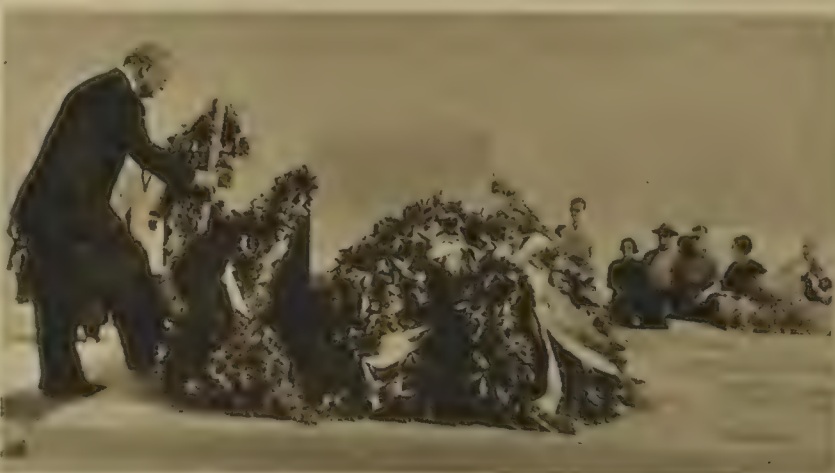
One of the troubles in colonial administration and political development is that decisions can seldom be reversed even when they have been proved to be rash or premature.

The possibility still exists, however, of introducing greater caution and prudence into the proceedings. We cannot go back in general, though in a case so glaring as that of British Guiana we have to go back in a particular instance. The absurd hope that a community with a little semi-education at the top and virtually none below is ripe for a British constitution, legislature and administration in miniature is doomed to disappointment and always carries with it the prospects of disaster. In this instance we seem to have reached the brink of it. Some well-meaning but muddle-headed men who were active after the end of the last war and were not subjected to sufficient control and guidance have a lot to answer for. The harm they have done being irreparable, the wisest course is not to repine about it, but to make sure that such follies are not repeated. This nation and commonwealth has enough to face in the outside world without inventing new troubles within its bosom.

### THE VICTORY OF EL ALAMEIN COMMEMORATED ON THE BATTLEFIELD.



SHOWING ALLIED FLAGS WAVING ABOVE THE STONE OF REMEMBRANCE: THE MEMORIAL OF THE GREAT VICTORY AT EL ALAMEIN, WHERE A SERVICE WAS HELD TO COMMEMORATE THE ELEVENTH ANNIVERSARY ON OCTOBER 25.



LAYING A WREATH ON THE STONE OF REMEMBRANCE AT THE EL ALAMEIN MEMORIAL DURING THE CEREMONY ON OCTOBER 25: SIR EDWARD PEEL, PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH COMMUNITY IN ALEXANDRIA.

The victory of El Alamein, commemorated in London at the annual reunion, illustrated in our last week's issue, was also remembered on the battlefield on the eleventh anniversary, October 25. A service was conducted at the memorial, which is surrounded by the graves of more than 9000 British and Allied soldiers. It was attended by Allied diplomats, and by senior officers and ten buglers from the Canal Zone, who changed from mufti into uniform at the site, as the Egyptian Government did not permit them to wear uniform while travelling through Egypt from the Canal Zone. The Bishop in Egypt conducted the service, the Rev. R. Stewart, Minister of the Church of Scotland, read prayers, Mr. McClure Smith, the Australian Minister, read the lesson, and the Rev. K. C. Oliver, Assistant Chaplain-General, British Troops in Egypt, gave the address. Father J. Caraminas, of the Greek Orthodox Church, gave an address in Greek to a large number of Greeks. Some forty Greeks are buried in the cemetery.

By this action he would have made it clear that he was not prepared to work with P.P.P. He would have descended into the party cockpit, whereas it was his duty to keep out of it, so far as that was possible. It may be said—I do not dismiss the argument as altogether unreasonable—that it would have been worth while to make the experiment of bringing about new elections, which might conceivably have resulted in the defeat of P.P.P., despite the illegal influence which it would certainly have made use of. In any case, either of the actions which might have been taken by the Governor would have been drastic. It seems to me that the difference between dismissing the Legislature and suspending the Constitution would not in practice have been a wide one.



# A LIFEBOAT DISASTER NEAR HARBOUR.



LYING ON THE ROCKS AT ARBROATH WHILE PREPARATIONS TO RIGHT HER ARE UNDER WAY: THE LIFEBOAT ROBERT LINDSAY, WHICH CAPSIZED, WITH A LOSS OF SIX LIVES.



SHOWING HOW NEAR TO THE HARBOUR ENTRANCE (LEFT) AND SAFETY SHE WAS AT THE MOMENT OF THE DISASTER OF OCTOBER 27: THE CAPSIZED LIFEBOAT ROBERT LINDSAY.



ON THE PROUD DAY OF HER LAUNCHING AT ARBROATH TWO YEARS AGO: THE ARBROATH LIFEBOAT, WITH HER CREW. ONLY ONE MAN OF THOSE ABOARD ON OCTOBER 27 SURVIVED.

The Arbroath lifeboat *Robert Lindsay*, launched only two years ago, capsized in huge seas on October 27 at 6 a.m., just as she was about to gain the safety of the harbour. She was swept along the sea side of a breakwater, and on to the rocks 50 yards from shore; and all but one of her crew of seven were drowned. The *Robert Lindsay* was returning from a fruitless all-night search for a ship which had fired a distress signal three miles from the coast of Fife. A coastguard sighted the sole survivor, Archibald Smith, floating in the water and fired a rocket. The line most fortunately caught in Smith's clothing and he was hauled to safety. The Provost of Arbroath has opened a fund for relatives of the drowned men, and donations may be sent to the Town Chamberlain, Town House, Arbroath, Scotland. The lifeboat has suffered little damage.

# LONDON NEWS IN PICTURES.

We group together herethree items of London news of the last week of October.—The long-disputed question as to what is the official centre of London has at last been settled. Hyde Park Corner, London Bridge, Westminster Bridge, Marble Arch and Shoreditch Church have all had their supporters for the title; but now the Ministry of Transport have laid it down that the mileage on all new signposts is to be taken from Charing Cross. The Cross—more particularly the Eleanor Cross—stands in the forecourt of Charing Cross main-line station and marks the last point at which the body of Queen Eleanor of Castile rested in 1290 on its journey to Westminster Abbey. The original cross was destroyed in 1647 and the present one (architect, E. M. Barry; sculptor, Thos. Earp) was erected in 1863 at the expense of the old London, Chatham and Dover Railway Company.—The fall of masonry occurred on October 28 in Bayswater, in Queensborough Terrace, when a massive cornice fell, dragging with it scaffolding and crushing three porticoes. Three workmen on the building had narrow escapes and a block weighing about a ton fell within a few feet of the driver of a car which he was just starting-up from a parking-place.—The Windsor Castle cake was a feature of the banquet of the Royal Society of St. George at the Savoy Hotel on October 26, at which Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery presided.



NOW OFFICIALLY DECLARED THE "CENTRE OF LONDON" AND THE STARTING-POINT FOR MILEAGE MEASUREMENTS: THE ELEANOR CROSS AT CHARING CROSS.



A FALL OF MASONRY IN BAYSWATER, WHERE 20 FT. OF CORNICE FELL 50 FT. AND FOUR PERSONS HAD NARROW ESCAPES FROM INJURY, IN THE FALL OF DÉBRIS AND SCAFFOLDING.



A WINDSOR CASTLE WHICH TOOK FOUR WEEKS TO MAKE: A LARGE AND ELABORATE CAKE WHICH WAS BROUGHT IN AT THE BANQUET OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ST. GEORGE.





THE MEETING ROOM.

ONE OF THE SPECIALLY DESIGNED STAIRCASES WITH BROAD SHALLOW TREADS IN THE PETO WING.



THE DINING ROOM.



## WHERE ELDERLY PEOPLE CAN ENJOY THE YEARS THAT ARE YET TO BE: WOODCOTE GROVE HOUSE,

Most people have heard something about the wonderful work which has been, and is being carried out by "The Friends of the Poor," a society established and founded by Miss A. R. Collin in 1906. It is impossible to enumerate here all the activities of the Society, but its work for elderly gentfolk lifts a great burden of suffering and anxiety from the shoulders of those who through misfortune, bereavement, loss of employment, chronic ill-health or other causes find themselves in distress. After World War I, the Society saw the need for the relief of suffering amongst what was called the "new poor," and therefore in 1921 set up a department, "The Gentfolk's Help," to deal with this particular work. The outstanding need seemed to be accommodation within the income limit of these

gentlewomen, women who were untrained and too old to work. The first home to be opened was the Marie Louise Club at Sunningdale, Ascot, named after the Royal president of the Society, her Highness Princess Marie Louise. Our Artist, Mr. Bryan de Grineau, has visited this club and his impressions of it will appear in a future issue. On these pages we show his drawings of Woodcote Grove House, at Guildson, in Surrey, which is of special interest as here, for the first time, the Society has been able to accommodate married couples and single men, in addition to women. This beautiful Georgian house was given to The Friends of the Poor under the instructions of the Executors of the late Mrs. Campbell-Johnston. The main house has been adapted as a residential home, and through the generosity of

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



MAKING TEA (FACILITIES FOR BOILING WATER, PRESERVING TEA AND SUGAR ARE PROVIDED ON EACH FLOOR)

A TYPICAL BED-SITTING ROOM.



WOODCOTE GROVE HOUSE AND ITS TWO NEW WINGS. THE OCCUPANTS TAKE A GREAT INTEREST IN THE GARDEN.



DECORATING AND CLEANING THE LITTLE CHAPEL.



A HUSBAND TAKING HIS AILING WIFE (WHO HAS A BED IN THE SICK BAY) FOR AN AIRING.

BRYAN DE GRINEAU  
1953

## AT COULSDON, SURREY, WHICH IS RUN BY "THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR" ON THE LINES OF A CLUB.

Mr. William Selkirk, a sick bay with ten beds has been added, providing nursing accommodation. In 1951 the daughters of the late Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Peto, Mrs. James Cross and Mrs. Kearsley, generously gave the Society a sum of money sufficient to add a new wing to provide more rooms for residents, and now the Peto Wing, with its additional thirty-eight rooms, has been completed. In all, Woodcote accommodates forty-eight residents, with an additional sick bay of ten beds. This home is run on the lines of a club—three meals a day are provided in the dining-room, and residents, who have their own familiar furniture in their bed-sitting rooms, can entertain their friends to tea in the privacy and comfort of their own rooms. In addition to the meeting-room, a large, comfortable lounge,

ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

where the residents can talk together or take coffee after meals, there is a drawing-room which is used for television, concerts and other entertainments. The residents, whose movements are entirely unrestricted, pay according to their means; and here at Woodcote they can enjoy the years that lie ahead without being haunted by fears of loneliness and insecurity. As can be readily imagined, these homes are always filled to capacity, and it is impossible, at present, to find enough accommodation for even the most deserving cases. The Friends of the Poor are dependent on voluntary help, and in order that they may continue and expand their great work they are in urgent need of subscriptions or donations, which should be sent to "The Friends of the Poor," 42, Ebury Street, London, S.W.1.





RUSSIAN BALLET IN THE HOMELAND OF RUSSIAN BALLET: "SWAN LAKE" IN MOSCOW'S BOLSHOI THEATRE—A SCENE FROM THE SOVIET PRODUCTION OF THE FAVOURITE OF ALL CLASSICAL BALLETS.

The history of ballet and the history of the general popularity of ballet are not the same thing. The former is a very complex affair and demands immense scholarship and industry; while in the latter certain main trends can be fairly easily distinguished. The essentials for the periodic swells in popularity seem to be: the existence of a school or a large number of skilled dancers, and the emergence of a genius, either composer, choreographer, impresario or solo dancer. Since this last war those requirements have been found in the Sadler's Wells Ballet; between the wars they were dispersed over a number of places, persons and companies; whereas before the 1914-18 war, first Pavlova and then Diaghilev's Ballets Russes burst upon Paris and London with a blazing and utterly novel

brilliance. Something of the same impact, we may suppose, was felt in Russia in the middle of the last century, when that country succumbed to the enchantment of visiting Italian, French and Austrian dancers. This enchantment fortunately coincided with the settling in Russia of the great French dancer and choreographer, Marius Petipa, the existence of a first-rate school and the emergence of Tchaikovsky as the greatest of all composers for the ballet. These factors established Russian ballet in Russia; and in the early years of this century it was the impatience of the great impresario of genius, Diaghilev, with the sterile classicism into which ballet in Russia had fallen which drove him to France and caused him to astonish the Western world with his Ballets Russes, in which eventually nearly all the

international arts and artists took their place. In the meanwhile, in Russia itself, since the revolution, ballet has maintained its immense popularity, though it now appears to be isolated from the international influences which have always had such a fertilising effect on this art form. It is generally stated that since the revolution their ballet had first a "revolutionary" or dramatic quality, later returned to the classics and has more recently been drawing strength from the many folk-dances of the remoter republics of the U.S.S.R. The names of a number of famous and honoured dancers of both sexes in Russia are known elsewhere, and the famous ballerina Ulanova and the male dancer Preobrazhensky made a brief appearance in Italy. They are known to have a number of brilliant dancers, especially

male dancers; but to the eye accustomed to modern English and French dancers the members of the corps de ballet in the Russian official photograph we reproduce above appear to be somewhat long in the back and short in the leg. This photograph incidentally shows the Swan Queen and the Prince with the Swans in what is generally spoken of as the First Act of *Swan Lake* in the usual version by Petipa and Ivanov. This version had its world première in the old Maryinsky Theatre, now the Kirov Theatre, at Leningrad, in 1895. The earlier ballet of the same name, to Tchaikovsky's music but Reisinger's choreography—which was a complete failure—had its première some eighteen years earlier (in 1877) in the Bolshoi Theatre, Moscow—in which this photograph was taken this autumn.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

ONE of the very best plants that has come my way for a long time is a form or variety of the Shrubby Cinquefoil—*Potentilla fruticosa*. I first met it about four years ago

in a friend's garden in Surrey. A semi-prostrate shrub, a couple of feet or so across, 18 ins. high, and covered with innumerable flowers like small single roses, or large strawberry blossoms, of a lovely soft, clear, luminous yellow. My friend gave me a nice sturdy little specimen in a small pot, which has since flourished exceedingly. Its name, *Potentilla fruticosa arbuscula*—or just plain *P. arbuscula*—seems to be open to some doubt. It is not given in either Bean's "Trees and Shrubs Hardy in the British Isles" or the R.H.S. "Dictionary of Gardening"; nor can I find a description in either work that seems to fit my plant. What its history and origin were before it reached my generous friend I do not know. It may have come from one or other of the plant-collecting expeditions in the Far East, or it may have cropped up as a hybrid in some garden. The former is the more probable.

*Potentilla fruticosa* is a most variable species. It is found as a wild British native in the North of England and the West of Ireland; and this British type, which in England at any rate is a rare plant, has golden-yellow flowers. To my regret, I never seem to have found an opportunity to go and pay my respects to it in its native British habitats. I have always wanted to, but perhaps have not wanted quite hard enough.

In the past I have grown some six or seven of the Far Eastern varieties of *Potentilla fruticosa*: all of them first-rate dwarf shrubs, especially for the rock-garden. Some were erect growing, up to 2 or 3 ft., and some prostrate, or semi-prostrate. Some had golden-yellow flowers, some creamy- or sulphur-yellow, and some pure white. Bean, I see, describes another Shrubby Cinquefoil, not a variety of *Potentilla fruticosa*, but a distinct species, *Potentilla davurica*, which sounds a most attractive thing, a very dwarf and compact deciduous shrub below 1½ ft. in height, with erect stems and drooping twigs. Flowers white. Bean continues: "Native of China and Siberia; introduced by way of St. Petersburg in 1822. This charming little shrub, from its dense close habit and very slow growth, is well adapted for the rock-garden. It is much confused with white-flowered forms of *P. fruticosa*, but the combination of a dwarf habit with white flowers and glabrous leaves distinguishes it well enough. The late Mr. Greshoff found that the leaves yielded a principle very similar in odour to attar of roses." I wonder what sort of persuasion one has to employ to get *Potentilla davurica* to "yield" that odour of attar of roses. Probably something complicated, chemical and quite out of the reach of idle dilettantism. But, perfume apart, *P. davurica* sounds a plant to have, especially for the rock-garden.

*Potentilla fruticosa arbuscula* is altogether a more vigorous grower than *P. davurica*. The specimen in the photograph was planted here as a youngster from a 3-in. pot, less than two years ago, and is now 3 ft. across. Its greatest height is about 18 ins. It shares with all the other *fruticosa*s the blessed gift of an amazingly long flowering period. Starting in early summer, it carries on right through till autumn and late autumn, only closing down when frosts and really dirty weather set in. My own plants here have been a wonderful sight all summer, and are still, in the last

## A SHRUBBY CINQUEFOIL.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

week of October, flowering away as gaily and profusely as if it were July or August. The blossoms of *P. f. arbuscula* are larger than those of any of the other varieties that I have seen, and larger than the largest measurements—1½ in. diameter—given in Bean. *Arbuscula* blossoms are 1½ in.—measured—and that extra quarter of an inch makes a surprising difference. Apart from their size, and their long-continued abundance, the flowers of *arbuscula* are a particularly lovely colour, a rich, soft creamy- or

Ward or Messrs. Ludlow and Sherriff. I wouldn't wonder.

In a recent article I wrote about "fussing plants," the unnecessary fussing and coddling of perfectly hardy plants, to which so many amateur gardeners are inveterate addicts. I am, nevertheless, going to indulge in a little experimental plant-coddling myself this winter. The victim is to be that grand hardy fuchsia, "Mrs. Popple." *Fuchsia* "Mrs. Popple" is,

in my opinion, the finest of all the hardy, outdoor varieties. I found it, many years ago, growing in a private garden next door to my Six Hills Nursery at Stevenage. It had grown there, nameless, for years. The owner generously told me to help myself to cuttings, and as seemed only right and appropriate, I named it after the owner—Mrs. Alec Popple. Later it received the Award of Merit, R.H.S. In effect, *Fuchsia* "Mrs. Popple" is like the old favourite *Fuchsia magellanica* or *riccartoni*, with the same bright red and vivid violet flowers, but four or five times as big.

There is, however a difference in their degree of hardiness. At Stevenage, both *F. riccartoni* and "Mrs. Popple" were hardy, but both were cut to the ground each winter, though they never failed to grow again, vigorously, from ground-level, and produce stems which were semi-woody at the base. But in many parts of the country *F. riccartoni* produces permanent woody stems, and becomes a flowering shrub 5 or 6 ft. or more high. In some parts of the country it is even used as a hedge. Here in my Cotswold garden it has grown into a 5-ft. bush, and will probably attain another foot or two. Not so "Mrs. Popple." She

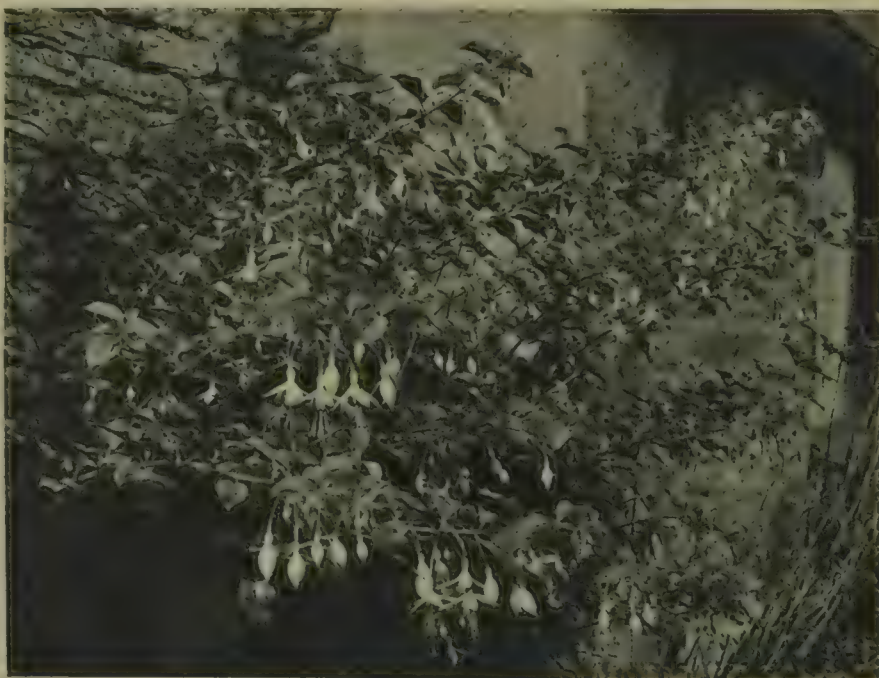
dies to the ground each autumn, to grow away vigorously each spring. This summer a small colony of three or four "Mrs. Popples" planted at the foot of a wall in my garden facing east has grown with exceptional vigour, and reached a height of over 4 ft. It is these plants which I propose to coddle. With two or three stakes and some sacking I shall screen them in to their wall-backed position, and then work in among their woody stems a quantity of straw or bracken, [in the hope that this may preserve them. If the stems survive this winter, my hope is that next summer they may harden up enough to survive future winters, so that with this little first-winter help "Mrs. Popple" may become a genuine flowering shrub, instead of for ever masquerading as a herbaceous plant.

Until this day I have rather prided myself upon being probably the only writer upon garden matters who has never written about that interesting tree *Metasequoia glyptostroboides*. If ever a plant was "news," that plant was *Metasequoia*, with its strange, romantic history and introduction, and its enchanting assortment of syllables. Pride is perhaps not quite the right word to use in connection with my silence regarding this rather overworked topic

of horticultural news. It has been rather a kind of sneaking secret satisfaction in having remained unique in at least one thing. But as I write I see a young specimen of *Metasequoia glyptostroboides* out in the garden, and among several Acers and Cherries in full autumn war-paint, it surely is the loveliest of them all. Its pyramid of feathery foliage, so like the deciduous cypress, has turned to a soft, warm apricot-pink, of a tone unlike that of any autumn foliage that I can think of. Its loveliness has forced me to break my silly silence.



THE DWARF SHRUB WHICH WAS GIVEN TO MR. ELLIOTT AS *POTENTILLA FRUTICOSA ARBUSCULA*. THIS SPECIMEN "WAS PLANTED HERE AS A YOUNGSTER FROM A 3-IN. POT, LESS THAN TWO YEARS AGO, AND IS NOW 3 FT. ACROSS. ITS GREATEST HEIGHT IS ABOUT 18 INS." THE FLOWERS—AN INCH-AND-A-HALF IN DIAMETER—ARE "A PARTICULARLY LOVELY COLOUR."



"THIS SUMMER A SMALL COLONY OF THREE OR FOUR 'MRS. POPPLES,' PLANTED AT THE FOOT OF A WALL IN MY GARDEN FACING EAST HAS GROWN WITH EXCEPTIONAL VIGOUR AND REACHED A HEIGHT OF OVER 4 FT."

Photographs by J. R. Jameson.

butter-yellow, yet somehow more lively, more luminous than any cream or butter.

As to the name of this paragon of a plant, there seems to be some doubt. Two distinguished shrub nurserymen have seen it growing here, and both questioned the name. But both fell heavily for the plant itself. I must consult Authority at the highest level, and discover not only its true name (perhaps *arbuscula* may turn out to be authentic), but also its origin. It may, of course, have been collected, fairly recently, in the Far East, by either Kingdon



## THE INFANCY OF A CHIMPANZEE: UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPHS OF A BABY APE'S PROGRESS.



CLUTCHING ON TO HER BLANKET FOR DEAR LIFE: *CHRISTINE*, WHO, WHEN FIRST ADOPTED BY MISS HESS, WOULD NOT RELAX HER HOLD ON THE BLANKET FOR DAYS.



TIME FOR HER BOTTLE: *CHRISTINE* ENJOYING AN EIGHT-OUNCE BOTTLE OF MILK MIXTURE WHICH SHE HAD THREE TIMES A DAY.



ENGROSSSED WITH HER TOYS, LIKE ANY HUMAN INFANT: *CHRISTINE* PLAYING HAPPILY. NOTE, HOWEVER, THE THUMB-LIKE USE OF HER BIG TOE.

IS a baby chimpanzee like a human baby, or *vice versa*? At least a partial answer can be found in two fascinating articles which appeared recently in the American magazine *Natural History*, in which Miss Lilo Hess described how she has been bringing up a baby chimpanzee called *Christine*. These articles were fully illustrated with Lilo Hess's photographs, some of which are reproduced on this and on following pages, which show various phases in *Christine's* infancy.



HER FAVOURITE TOY AT EIGHT MONTHS: A LITTLE BROWN TEDDY BEAR WHICH *CHRISTINE* FREQUENTLY KISSED.



"ANY GOOD TO EAT?": *CHRISTINE* CHEWING ONE OF THE BRIGHTLY-COLOURED BEADS ON THE SIDE OF HER PLAY-PEN.



STILL HOLDING ON TO HER TOYS: *CHRISTINE*, TIRED FROM PLAYING, IS FAST ASLEEP IN HER PLAY-PEN AND PEACE REIGNS.

*Photographs by Lilo Hess from Three Lions.*



CURIOSITY, PLAYFULNESS, JEALOUSY AND LOVE:  
HUMAN ATTRIBUTES DISPLAYED BY A BABY APE.



"WHAT'S IN THIS?" CHRISTINE REACHING OUT FOR A JAR OF FACE CREAM WHICH SHE DELIGHTED TO TASTE BEFORE TRYING IT OUT ON HER FACE.

WRITING in the American magazine "Natural History," Lilo Hess describes how she first met Christine in a pet shop in April 1952. Miss Hess bought the baby chimp, which was only a few months old, and took her to her farm in Pennsylvania. After getting over a cold, with the help of Aureomycin, Christine soon settled down in her new home and began to grow fond of her kind new owner.

[Continued below.]



"DOES IT SUIT MY TYPE OF SKIN?": CHRISTINE TRIES OUT THE CONTENTS OF THE JAR OF FACE CREAM AND SOON COVERS HERSELF WITH IT.



"OH, NO YOU DON'T": CHRISTINE PUSHES THE KITTEN ROUGHLY AWAY FROM HER FOOD BOWL.



"ME FIRST": CHRISTINE HOLDS THE KITTEN AWAY BY ONE EAR AND HELPS HERSELF TO THE FOOD IN THE BOWL.



THE BEST OF FRIENDS: AFTER SOME ROUGH PLAY CHRISTINE GATHERS THE CAT LOVINGLY TO HER AND BOTH ANIMALS HAVE A REST.

[Continued.]

At about six months she had ten of her twenty baby teeth, but could only stand and sit by holding on to the bars of her cot or play-pen. Her daily routine, her food, her games, her fears and her affections seem to have approximated those of a human baby in a most remarkable way. Like many children she was, to quote Miss Hess, a "cloth-worshipper," and up to the age of eleven months would not go to sleep unless she was clutching a towel. At six months Christine weighed a little over 9 lb., and at eight months 10½ lb.

Photographs by Lilo Hess from Three Lions.



# BRINGING UP A CHIMPANZEE IN A PENNSYLVANIAN HOME: STAGES IN CHRISTINE'S DEVELOPMENT.



ENJOYING A FAVOURITE PASTIME: CHRISTINE ON HER SWING UNDER AN APPLE-TREE, WHERE SHE WOULD PLAY FOR HOURS.



(ABOVE.) PICKING UP A GRAPE: CHRISTINE USING HER THUMB AND INDEX FINGER.

AT the age of about nine months Miss Hess says that *Christine* would not stay in her play-pen, and "did all the things described in infant behaviour books for children between the ages of 1½ and 2½. But being a little ape, she had some additional tricks of her own . . ." One of [Continued below.]



FEEDING HERSELF: CHRISTINE PUT THE SPOON INTO HER MOUTH, 'BUT HER HAND HAD TO BE GUIDED TO SCOOP UP THE FOOD.



SITTING UP HAPPILY IN MISS HESS'S BED: CHRISTINE, WHO WILL NOT GO TO SLEEP UNTIL SHE HAS HER PYJAMAS ON AND IS TUCKED UP.

[Continued.] Christine's favourite playmates is a cat which was first introduced to the chimpanzee when still a kitten. Miss Hess says that they play roughly together not as equals, but rather as a child and a cat. At times *Christine* being kind and loving to her pet and at others jealous. "Dressing a chimp in human

clothes," writes Miss Hess, "disturbs some people; but to keep the animal healthy, you have to put on shirts and sweaters as the outside temperature requires." At a year *Christine* weighed 15 lb. and was 21 ins. tall. The little chimp is still fast developing under Miss Hess's loving care.

Photographs by Lilo Hess from Three Lions.



# FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OLD THIS YEAR: CHRIST'S HOSPITAL GIRLS' SCHOOL.



IN THE HISTORY ROOM: STUDENTS FROM THE UPPER FOURTH, UNDER MISS FRANCES M. PAGE, M.A., PH.D., AUTHOR OF "CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, HERTFORD," A NEW HISTORY OF THE SCHOOL.



A COOKERY CLASS IN PROGRESS: GIRLS WATCHING A DEMONSTRATION UNDER MISS D. JUKER, STARTING IN THE LOWER FIFTH; STUDENTS MAY TAKE A COOKERY COURSE.



AT ONE TIME IN DAILY USE IN THE SCHOOL: A COLLECTION OF WOODEN UTENSILS DATING FROM THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY; OLD BRACKEN PUMPS AND A HUGE CHINA MUG.

# AN ANCIENT FOUNDATION IN ITS MODERN FORM: LIFE AND WORK AT HERTFORD.



A CLASS IN THE ART SCHOOL, BUILT IN 1931: SOME OF THE GIRLS ARE SEATED AT DRAWING-BOARDS, WHILE IN THE BACKGROUND, OTHERS ARE LEARNING WEAVING.



SHOWING THE CHAPEL AT WHOSE OPENING AND DEDICATION IN 1906 THE PRINCE OF WALES (LATER GEORGE V.) WAS PRESENT: A VIEW OF THE PLAYING FIELDS, WITH HOCKEY IN PROGRESS.



THE HEAD MISTRESS IN HER STUDY: MISS DOROTHY WEST, WHO, IN THE PRESENT NECESSITY, THE SCHOOL WORKED



RUTH WEST, APPOINTED IN 1942, A PERIOD WHEN, OF UNDER ACUTE DIFFICULTIES.



WITH SCHOOL BUILDINGS ON EITHER SIDE AND THE OLD GRAMMAR SCHOOL BLOCK IN THE BACKGROUND: THE MAIN AVENUE OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL GIRLS' SCHOOL, HERTFORD.



THE DINING-HALL: THE DARK OAK PRIZE ON THE WALLS WAS FORMERLY IN THE DINING-HALL AT NEWGATE STREET, AND MEMORIES GOES-OF-ARMS OF OFFICIALS AND BENEFACTORS. (Continued.)

THE Bluecoat School was founded in 1553, following a sermon on charity by Bishop Ridley, which so stirred young Edward VI. that he initiated Christ's Hospital for the education and care of boys and girls; and signed its Charter on June 26, 1553. In our issue of July 11 we gave photographs of the Boys' School, now on the Downs near Horsham, in connection with the Quater-centenary celebrated this year, and in our issue of August 1 we published a photograph of the Duchess of Gloucester at Christ's Hospital School for Girls, at Hertford, which she visited on July 21 in connection with

(Continued opposite.



A DEMONSTRATION OF THE CRAFT OF WEAVING: SIXTH-FORM GIRLS WITH MISS M. J. BARKETT, ARTS AND HANDICRAFTS MISTRESS.



LEARNING HOW TO USE THE POTTER'S WHEEL: A GIRL FROM THE LOWER SIXTH WATCHING MISS M. J. BARKETT OPERATE IT.

(Continued.) the 400th anniversary celebrations. The history of the feminine side of the Bluecoat School is described in "Christ's Hospital, Hertford, a History of the School against the background of Horsham and London," by Miss Frances M. Page, who is now History Mistress in the School. She points out that "The 'maiden children' in the early days" were always fewer in number and more restricted in way of life than the boys, and, burdened as they originally were, with the mending and making for the male Blues, their life must have often been a mere joyless drudgery; and

(Continued below, left)



INSIDE THE LIBRARY: SIXTH-FORM PUPILS AT WORK. THE REFERENCE LIBRARY, ERECTED IN 1935, IS ONE OF THREE IMPORTANT ADDITIONS MADE BETWEEN 1930 AND 1936.

Mrs. Susan Lytton, in 1975, altered their dress, the little girls were coiffed and aproned in the style of the seventeenth century. A further change was made later and they now wear neat blue gym. tunics and blue blazers, with blue caps piped with yellow. Under Miss King, headmistress from 1878 to 1893, the school made great advances, and with that "dynamic personality" Miss M. E. Robertson (appointed headmistress in 1893) in command, there was further development.

In 1898, for the first time, notice of Academic distinction gained by the girls of the Foundation appeared in "The Blue," the magazine of the Bluecoat School. After the departure of the boys in 1902, an important building programme was carried out and new classrooms, science buildings with up-to-date laboratories and so forth were constructed. In 1931 the Art School, with a pottery room and kiln, equipment for weaving and a large studio, was built in memory of Miss Murray

Smith, Governor from 1903 to 1929. In 1935 through the generosity of the Governors a separate Reference Library was built. The domestic arts traditionally hold an important place in Christ's Hospital curriculum, and there are modern Laundry and Cookery Schools; and in the Science Block a model flat has been installed where those destined for the Diploma of the National Council of Domestic Studies can live, three at a time, for three weeks' practical experience of housekeeping.





THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE chevrotains are seldom more than 1 ft. high at the shoulder. The body, mounted on four extremely slender legs, is about the same size as that of a domestic cat. It is difficult to imagine anything less like a goat, but the name is a diminutive of the French *chevreau*, or little she-goat. The alternative name, mouse-deer, is much more expressive of the habits of this smallest of the ruminants. Shy, nocturnal, hiding by day in the hills among rocks or in hollow logs, or at the best moving furtively on the tips of its toes, with a stiff-legged, stilt-like walk, the mouse-deer scuttles for safety at the slightest disturbance and takes cover in the long grass. Perhaps "nocturnal" is not strictly true, for they feed mainly in the evening and in the early morning. At all events, all their movements are furtive and secretive, and this, combined with their small size, probably accounts completely for the alternative name of mouse-deer.

The mouse-deer are not strictly deer, but represent a special family, the Tragulidæ, of the order Ruminantia. Indeed, they have little in common with the true deer except their superficial resemblance to some of the smaller Cervidæ, such as the musk-deer and water-deer. They have, however, a similar brown or reddish coat with white under-parts and, like the musk-deer to which they are distantly related, their defensive armament consists of tusk-like upper canine teeth, while on the top of the head there are neither horns nor antlers.

There are numerous species of mouse-deer in Asia, the best-known being *Tragulus javanicus*, ranging from Indo-China and Malaya to the East Indies. Another well-known species is the meminna (*T. meminna*) of Southern India, with a characteristic brown and white spotted coat.

It is possible that there is a reason why these incredibly small ungulates received the name meaning a very small she-goat; if so, I am unaware of it. To my eye, and, I imagine, to general appearances, they are very much more like small deer. In fact, the likeness is so great, apart from the complete absence of antlers, that, looking at the animal as a whole, one wonders why they are placed in the order of classification so far away from the true deer. In other words, why do we not accept them as deer? The answer lies, as usual, in the anatomy. They are ruminants, they chew the cud, but the stomach, instead of being divided into four, comprises only three compartments. This division of ruminants' stomachs into four is justifiably regarded as a highly specialised thing. It is therefore allowable to suppose that any animal possessing fewer compartments must be primitive and therefore nearer to the ancestral stock from which the ruminants sprang. On this ground alone, therefore, the chevrotains can be regarded in all probability as primitive. In addition to this, the legs, as represented by their bones, are also less specialised.

The ruminants represent a sub-order of the order Artiodactyla, or even-toed hoofed animals, in which the foot consists of two hoofs, but behind the main hoof and not touching the ground are two subsidiary hoofs. The lower leg consists of the bones normally supporting the foot in animals such as a cat or a dog, and instead of the typical five digits the bones of the two main digits have been fused into a single shank bone, bearing at its end the main hoofs. Lying behind

WATER CHEVROTAINS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

this are two so-called splint bones which represent the remains of another pair of toe bones. It is the splint bones which bear the subsidiary hoofs. The structure of any part of a skeleton is difficult to describe in words without using technical terms, but a good comparison may be found by reference to the horse. The story of the supposed evolution of the horse has been told sufficiently often that it must be familiar. It is usually suggested that the ancestral horse, urged on to strive for greater and greater speed to escape its enemies, got up more and more on to the middle toe, which in time became the dominant member of the five and now forms, by itself, the lower leg. This hypothesis is supported, among other things, by the presence of the two splint bones lying along the shank of the lower leg. A similar thing is presumed to have

well-developed toes, covered by a common skin, and the central two toes are larger than the other two. If, therefore, the ancestor of ruminants, such as cattle, deer, sheep and goats, had a normal five-toed foot, then the chevrotains have departed least of any of them from their ancestral form.

The largest of the chevrotains, the African water chevrotain (*Hyemoschus aquaticus*), is slightly larger than the Asiatic chevrotains. It lives by the heavily-wooded streams, from Sierra Leone through the Cameroons to the Congo, stands 14 ins. at the shoulder and is a dark brown with conspicuous white stripes and spots. Otherwise it is very like the Asiatic species in appearance and general habits, and as with them, because it is so furtive and secretive, comparatively little is known of its behaviour. If anything, it is even more difficult to observe, for it takes to the water at the slightest sign of danger, and is known to be an excellent swimmer and diver. This surely is the most remarkable thing of all in the story of these curious little ungulates.

It is known that practically any animal will swim if put to it. Some will do so only if hard-pressed; with the others there is a varying degree of success. The most successful are those which, as we say, are adapted to an aquatic life. This usually means webbed feet, a rudder-like tail, nostrils or ears that can be closed under water, and a general streamlining of the body. Except for size, the water chevrotain is no more adapted to an aquatic life than is the horse or a deer. Yet we are assured that it is an adept at both swimming and diving. There is little further comment to make on this except to say that it is examples of this sort that make one wonder whether we do not at times give too great a significance to these so-called special adaptations. Perhaps we are inclined to speak too glibly of special adaptation to this or that mode of life, and should watch our words more carefully to avoid distorting the perspective both of ourselves and of our readers or hearers.

A final curiosity is worth mentioning. It appears to be the case that both in Asia and, strangely enough, in Africa, the natives in their folklore have credited these tiny ungulates—almost defenceless against their enemies—with unusual powers of reasoning and of cunning to cope with dangerous situations. The best comparison nearer home is with the common shrew, which at one time, at all events, was credited with being a ravening beast. Yet the shrew, we have reason to believe, has been known to drop dead at the sight of a man. But are we justified in assuming that the native folklore is necessarily wrong? Here we have in the mouse-deer animals of very small size, with no defensive armaments worthy of the name, with no tremendous speed, with no prodigious strength—and no special adaptations!—and yet they have survived in large numbers. It would be wrong to suppose they are not the prey of innumerable carnivores. Perhaps, then, they have survived precisely because they have unusual powers (relatively speaking) of intelligence, although probably little of reasoning. At the same time, it is not too difficult to accept that they have unusual cunning to cope with dangerous situations. Such speculation is, however, academic. Once again it has to be admitted that we know virtually nothing about the behaviour of one of the most interesting of beasts.



AN EXCELLENT SWIMMER AND DIVER, ALTHOUGH NO MORE ADAPTED TO AN AQUATIC LIFE THAN IS THE HORSE OR A DEER: THE AFRICAN WATER CHEVROTAIN (*HYEMOSCHUS AQUATICUS*), WHICH LIVES BY THE HEAVILY-WOODED STREAMS FROM SIERRA LEONE THROUGH THE CAMEROONS TO THE CONGO.

The African water chevrotain stands 14 ins. at the shoulder and is a dark brown with conspicuous white stripes and spots. At the slightest sign of danger it takes to the water and, being an excellent swimmer and diver, avoids capture. In the article on this page Dr. Burton describes it as "one of the most interesting of beasts."

Photograph by Harold Bastin.

taken place among the ruminants, except that they got up on to two toes instead of one, and retained two more toes out of the original five as splint bones.

It must seem an unnecessary elaboration to go into so much detail over the legs of the chevrotains, but when the text-books say that a particular animal is primitive, and when one sees that the zoologists place the chevrotains in a separate family well away from the deer which they so strongly resemble in outward form, it is necessary to find some good reason for the separation. In the legs of chevrotains we find, instead of the usual two main toes and two splint bones of the typical ruminants, there are four

FOR THE CHRISTMAS LIST.

The annual problems of Christmas shopping will soon have to be solved and gifts for relatives and friends overseas chosen, packed and posted. A solution may be found in two ways: either by ordering a copy of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" CHRISTMAS NUMBER, which will be on sale in its familiar red and gold cover from November 19 (price 3s. 6d.; 3s. 10d. including postage), or by taking out a subscription for the year or half-year in the friend's or relative's name. The first will prove an acceptable gift in the Christmas season, while the second will serve to remind the recipient of the donor's affection over a longer period and provide weeks of pleasure. Orders for the Christmas-Number and for subscriptions can now be taken, and should be addressed to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription.

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FIG. 1.—PROBABLY THE MOST REMARKABLE ARTISTIC DISCOVERY OF MODERN TIMES : A GREEK BRONZE DEMETER OF THE CLASSICAL PERIOD, OF SUPERB BEAUTY AND THE GREATEST RARITY, RECENTLY BROUGHT UP FROM THE SEA BY TURKISH SPONGE-FISHERS.

This lovely bronze, which for some 2000 years or so has been lying at the bottom of the Ægean, was recently found there by Turkish sponge-fishers in the course of their diving. Within a few days of their finding it, Professor Bean, of Istanbul University, saw it in a hut on the shore at Bitez, in Asia Minor, and took the photograph above and those on page 748. These photographs are the first sight, outside Turkey, of this astonishingly beautiful rarity. Concerning its discovery, its nature and the probable story of the statue, Professor Bean writes in detail overleaf, where its photographs are compared with the famous marble Demeter of Cnidus, which is in the British Museum collections. All the experts who have seen the statue or photographs of it are agreed that it is "a work of the full classical period of Greek art, almost certainly an original of the fourth century B.C." It is larger than life-size, and there are no known copies of it. As it is a work of such outstanding beauty and moving character, and since it was common practice in ancient times to produce copies of the most famous statues (with which this must have ranked), there is some ground for the interesting and indeed romantic suggestion with which Professor Bean concludes : "As to the circumstances which

brought her to the bottom of the sea, these we shall very likely never know. But an obvious possibility is that she was being carried off as loot, perhaps by some unscrupulous governor such as the notorious Verres. This is generally supposed to have been the fate of the bronze Zeus, now in Athens, that came up from the sea near Cythera. If this was the case, it may one day be possible to prove it, if diving operations are undertaken; and exciting possibilities are opened up of finding other comparable treasures that went to the bottom at the same time. However, another contingency, hardly less exciting, is equally conceivable. It is not impossible that our Demeter was sunk on her way to Cnidus from the sculptor's workshop, and was therefore never erected there. This would account for the total absence, otherwise surely rather surprising, of extant copies, and of works apparently inspired or influenced by ours. If this is indeed what happened, we may imagine, if we like, that in the British Museum we have the statue that substituted for the lost one; and, furthermore, we have now the opportunity, surely unique, of admiring a Greek statue that the Greeks themselves never saw. But, attractive as these possibilities are, it is early days yet for such speculations."



# A MASTERPIECE FROM THE SEA: A GREEK CLASSICAL BRONZE OF OUT- STANDING BEAUTY AND THE FIRST IMPORTANCE FOUND BY TURKISH SPONGE-FISHERS IN THE ÆGEAN.

By G. E. BEAN, Associate Professor in Classical Philology, Istanbul University, Turkey.

ON August 9, 1953, some Turkish sponge-fishers brought to the village of Bitez, near Bodrum, on the west coast of Asia Minor, the upper part of a bronze statue. There, four days later, I was fortunate to be the first to see it, apart from a few local inhabitants. It had come up in their nets, they said, from deep water; not, however, in the immediate neighbourhood, but round the next cape to the south. I photographed it there on the beach at Bitez; next day it was transported to Bodrum, and later to Smyrna, where it is at present.

The statue (Fig. 1, previous page, and Figs. 5 and 8) is agreed by all experts who have until now seen it, or its photograph, to be a work of the full classical period of Greek art, almost certainly an original of the fourth century B.C. It represents a veiled woman, with bent head, perhaps the mourning Demeter, most familiar at present from the marble Demeter of Cnidus (Figs. 6 and 7) now in the British Museum. The sponge-fishers' strange catch seems likely, therefore, to rank among the most remarkable artistic finds of recent years. Ancient bronze statues of any kind are quite rare, since, owing to the value of the metal when melted down, they rarely escaped destruction in the Middle Ages. Most of the few existing life-size bronzes have been recovered either, like ours, from the sea, or from deep excavations, as at Herculaneum and Pompeii. When to this general rarity we add the obviously superb quality of the new Demeter, we have clearly a discovery of the first importance.

The portion of the statue recovered is 0.81 m. (31½ ins.) in total height; the breadth of the face is 0.17 m. (6½ ins.), and from the bridge of the nose to the chin measures 0.13 m. (5½ ins.). The whole figure was accordingly noticeably over life-size; indeed, rather larger than the British Museum Demeter. So far as can be judged from the existing portion, the goddess was in all probability seated. The statue in its present condition is disfigured by petrified marine worms and other incrustations; the face, however, is miraculously free from these, and the calm, sorrowful expression is quite unmarred. A striking feature is the veil, which on the right side appears to flow free in the air, in a way which finds no parallel among extant Greek works of art. It is possible, however, that cleaning operations may reveal that the veil was in fact cast separately from the rest of the statue and has been broken away from it.

No copies are extant, and the sculptor's name is at present unknown. The great lack of similar pieces, particularly in bronze, makes his identity a difficult problem. On general grounds of style, the new Demeter is probably nearest to the marble Demeter of Cnidus already mentioned (Figs. 6 and 7), which the most recent opinion, that of Professor Ashmole, attributes to the sculptor Leochares and to a date close to 330 B.C. But this is not [to say that our Demeter is by Leochares; it is, in fact, much too early yet to form a judgment. When the statue has been cleaned and made available for exact expert examination, it will be time enough to form a considered opinion.

A further question that at once arises is the possibility of recovering some or all of the missing parts. This will not be easy, as the portion already recovered came up from deep water, as much as 70-80 fathoms, and the matter is unfortunately obscured at the moment by the existence of two different accounts of the exact spot. The sponge-fisher that I spoke of at Bodrum said it was

found "between Tekir and Bozburun, but nearer to Tekir." But a later account locates the spot off Arap Ada, on the south-east coast of the Bozburun peninsula. The two points are shown approximately on the sketch-map, Fig. 2. Obviously this uncertainty must be cleared up before diving operations are undertaken.

But whichever of the two be correct, how came Demeter there? Presumably by shipwreck, but where was she going, and, perhaps more important, where had she come from? A statue of this size and quality was almost certainly a cult statue, and must surely have belonged to one of the great Greek cities of the coast or islands. One would like to know which. In this connection the exact find-spot is not of the first

importance, as the ship is likely to have been off her course when she sank. Halicarnassus, now Bodrum (Figs. 3 and 4), is a possible candidate. Towards the middle of the fourth century, Mausolus, Persian satrap of Caria, but in practice an independent ruler, transferred his capital from the inland Carian city of Mylea to the coastal Greek city of Halicarnassus. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Greek culture, and the Hellenisation of Caria may be said to have begun from his enlightened policy. On his tomb, which ranked among the Seven Wonders of the World, his widow Artemisia employed, as is well known, no fewer than four Greek sculptors of the first rank. Their work is to be seen to-day in the British Museum, brought there by Newton, but in Bodrum itself nothing whatever remains on the site of the Mausoleum for the visitor to see. Huge quantities of the green stone that formed its massive base are built into the fine Castle of the Knights of St. John (Fig. 3) which is the outstanding feature of Bodrum. The quarries of this same green stone used by Mausolus and Artemisia were discovered last year by Mr. J. M. Cook and the present writer, in the neighbourhood of Myndus. Mausolus, then, or Artemisia, might well have commissioned a cult Demeter to adorn the new capital. But the finding-place of the statue is undoubtedly against this. It seems very improbable that it was being carried from Halicarnassus to any place in the south, and on any other assumption it is most unlikely to have come to the south of the Cnidian peninsula.

A second possibility, particularly if Arap Ada is in fact where the statue was found, is Rhodes. The three Dorian Greek cities of Lindus, Talyus and Camirus occupied the island from very early times, and are mentioned in the Catalogue of Ships in the "Iliad"; in 408 B.C. they were combined with the new city of Rhodes at the east end of the island, though at the same time each continued its separate existence. Rhodes also possessed, from at least the fourth century B.C., territory on the mainland; the heart of this *Peræa* was the Bozburun peninsula, on which Arap Ada is situated. The *Peræa* consisted merely of Rhodian *demes*, small townships, not cities, and it is hardly likely that our Demeter belonged there. But the city of Rhodes, or one of the three old cities on the island, might have been her proud possessor.

But it is, after all, impossible not to think first and foremost in this connection of

[Continued opposite.



FIG. 2. A MAP OF THE COAST OF ASIA MINOR TO SHOW THE TWO SITES—AT PRESENT IN DISPUTE—WHERE THE STATUE IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN FOUND BY THE SPONGE-FISHERS; AND THE ANCIENT TOWNS OF WHICH IT MAY ONCE HAVE BEEN THE ADORNMENT.



FIG. 3. WHERE THE BRONZE DEMETER WAS TAKEN AFTER BEING BROUGHT ASHORE AT NEAR-BY BITEZ: BODRUM (ANCIENT HALICARNASSUS), IN ASIA MINOR, WITH ITS FINE CASTLE OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN, BUILT WITH THE STONES OF THAT MARVEL OF ANTIQUITY, THE MAUSOLEUM OF HALICARNASSUS.



FIG. 4. BODRUM AND ITS HARBOUR, SEEN THROUGH THE ARCH OF ONE OF THE CAVE-TOMBS.



# DEMETER "ANADYOMENE"—COMPARED WITH THE B.M. DEMETER OF CNIDUS.



FIG. 5. THE SUPERB NEWLY FOUND DEMETER ON THE BEACH AT BITEZ, ASIA MINOR, TO WHICH THE SPONGE-FISHERS BROUGHT HER, PROPPED UP WITH A LOG FOR PHOTOGRAPHING.



FIG. 6. THE MARBLE MOURNING DEMETER OF CNIDUS, NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM: SHOWING THE SIMILAR VEILING AND DRAPERY.



FIG. 7. THE DEMETER OF CNIDUS—IN SIMILAR PROFILE TO FIG. 8. THE PROPORTIONS OF THIS DEMETER ARE SMALLER THAN THE NEW-FOUND BRONZE.

*Continued.* The strong, often violent, north-wester that blows day and night across the Cnidian peninsula will easily account for the statue being found in the region to the south-east. Moreover, the Cnidians were famous for their artistic taste, and are known to have purchased, precisely in the fourth century, a fine collection of works by contemporary masters. The famous Aphrodite of Praxiteles comes first to mind, but we learn also of a Dionysus and an Athena by Scopas, and a Dionysus by Bryaxis, to say nothing of the British Museum Demeter. As Mr. Cook



FIG. 8. THE BRONZE DEMETER IN DOWNCAST PROFILE. ALTHOUGH MUCH IS HEAVILY ENCRUSTED WITH MARINE GROWTHS, THE BEAUTIFUL AND MOVING FEATURES ARE UNTOUCHED.

and the writer hoped to have proved in a recent article, the city of Cnidus was transferred in the middle of the fourth century or a little later from a site near Datca to the familiar site at Tekir (Fig. 2); and the extensive purchases of statuary are no doubt to be explained by the need for cult statues in the new sanctuaries. We know that the city possessed three statues of Aphrodite and two of Dionysus; it is certainly tempting to suppose, at least provisionally, that we are now in the presence of a second Demeter of Cnidus. (See also page 747.)



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## HISTORICAL - TRAGICAL.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT was very gallant of Shakespeare to write "King John" without showing the King as he gnawed the rushes at Runnymede after signing Magna Carta. Most gallant, truly, to produce a chronicle of the "troublesome reign" in which Magna Carta is never even mentioned. Otherwise, all is more or less right: we have Arthur and Hubert—this play, in the popular mind, is Little Arthur's History—and we have also the death scene (the play is "The Life and Death of King John") at Swinstead, though Shakespeare does not include the preliminary surfeit

at ease as Constance, attacks the mourning for Arthur with a fearless drive: this is acting in the all-out grand manner. Constance needs it.

Various other people do their share: Edgar Wreford and Nicky Edmett, for example, as Hubert and Arthur in the scene to which one usually surrenders gladly after a moment of dread. Hubert, by the way, is now a Citizen of Angiers, as in the First Folio, but certainly not according to history. I was not persuaded by either Paul Daneman's idea of Pandulph as a kind of ecclesiastical Simon Legree, or Laurence

Constantia, are the leaders of a highbrow repertory company: the present tense is suitable, for maybe they are still somewhere in the Irish "smalls." They are, as a critic has remarked, the best actors in the world either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral—and so on for some time. But they prefer the tragical. They will play in Strindberg, Chekhov, Tolstoy, and any other Russian or Scandinavian dramas of appropriate solemnity—Shakespeare, as I say, might be added at a pinch—and their



THE "MAN-WOMAN" DANCE OF THE "CARNAVAL DE RIO DE JANEIRO": A MEMBER OF THE CAST OF "BRAZILIANA" AT THE STOLL THEATRE, A PARASOL IN ONE HAND, WITH ONE TROUSERED LEG AND THE OTHER IN A BALLET SKIRT, AS SHE APPEARS IN THE NUMBER BASED ON THE FEBRUARY CARNAVAL IN RIO DE JANEIRO.

Photograph by courtesy of "The Sketch."



AN ENTERTAINMENT OF SONG, DANCE AND DRUMMING FROM BRAZIL AT THE STOLL THEATRE: "BRAZILIANA" BELLES, MEMBERS OF THE CORPS DE BALLET BEATING OUT THE EXCITING RHYTHM ON THEIR TAMBOURS AND SETTING THE PACE FOR THEIR COMING DANCE IN THE FINALE OF THE PROGRAMME "CARNAVAL DE RIO DE JANEIRO."

Photograph by courtesy of "The Sketch."

of peaches and new ale. (Not a surfeit of lampreys: that was another King.)

Certainly, "John" can stir us in the theatre. It may be uneven, and there are such very bad lines as those of King Philip on Constance's tears:

Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends  
Do glue themselves in sociable grief,  
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,  
Sticking together in calamity.

(William Squire, who acts and speaks Philip subtly in the Old Vic revival, has not to face these lines: George Devine, the producer, has cut them.) These troubles apart, we have scenes of pull-devil-pull-baker excitement, quick, dagger-stabbing verse. The Bastard can be a trumpet-call as well as a bluntly commenting Chorus. In John himself we get one or two hints of Macbeth, especially in the urging of Hubert to Arthur's murder. And, though I am afraid it is the custom now to call Constance an impossible part—agreed, she is preposterously snobbish—she can move all who recognise in her Shakespeare's grief for his young son, and who can be touched by such lines as "I will instruct my sorrows to be proud, for grief is proud," and "Grief fills the room up of my absent child, lies in his bed, walks up and down with me." Moreover, "King John" has a good deal of cogent debate: this (as I wrote several seasons ago) is often overlooked to-day, when relatively few people really listen to Shakespeare. They are content if they get the broad outline: many of the speeches pass them by. Late-Tudor and Jacobean audiences must have had a finer and a quicker ear.

I have met "John" acted in several ways. Mr. Devine, at the Vic, is content now to stage it straightforwardly, to attack the verse boldly, to let the play tell its own tale without elaboration. It comes through very well, with Michael Hordern as a foxy John, no twitching neurotic, but a politically-minded monarch with a natural command, and one who might at some time have had (as Holinshed says) "a princelie heart in him." The other major part is the Bastard. Richard Burton plays him now more quietly than we have sometimes known; he has not very much gaiety, but he is an honest, tough fighting man, loyal, brave and intolerant of shams. Fay Compton, at first not altogether

From historical to tragical: the De la Mare Repertory Company omits "King John" from its repertory, though I dare say the de la Mares would be delighted to try it—or, as Hector would observe, endeavour to interpret it—given the cast and the costumes. There are most actable parts for Hector (he would, I think, prefer King John to the Bastard), and for Constance, who with reason would choose her namesake. But I must explain myself. According to Lennox Robinson, the author of "Drama at Inish" (Arts Theatre Club), Hector de la Mare and his wife, Constance

appearance at the Inish Pavilion was quite the most alarming event Inish had known in years. Alarming, because the people of this small seaside town—down in the South—were not used to anything more than a concert party. When Mr. Twohig, of the local hotel and the local Pavilion, brought the De la Mares in an effort to raise the intellectual standard of Inish, the townsfolk took it all too seriously. They became introspective. They contemplated suicide. They jumped off piers. They remembered unhappy lives. They traced resemblances to Nora Helmer or Hedda Gabler. And their member of the Dail had a bad attack of honesty and brought down the Government.

Obviously, then, the De la Mare plays were not the kind of thing for Inish. As Shakespeare says in "King John," that surly spirit, melancholy, baked the blood and made it heavy, thick. It was time for the company to go, so that, once more, "that idiot, laughter" could keep men's eyes. How to do it? Simple, said Mr. Twohig, dismissing the De la Mares with a fine gesture, and bringing over the circus instead. The clowns had come; peace returned to Inish, and—so one imagined—the death-rate declined.

Lennox Robinson's play is a little less happy than its synopsis sounds. The dramatist, uncertain whether to write a farce or a comedy, has taken neither path, and gets caught up in some featureless fields between. The first act has quality; the second and third each end well, but it could have been a richer piece if it had been more inventively expanded. As it is, the actors manage. Binnie Hale is the kind of actress able to flick off Hedda before breakfast, and Nora and Masha before luncheon. I am sure that, if necessary, like another famous player, she could stand upon her head on the butt-end of a spear, surrounded by blazing fireworks. "Such grace, coupled with such dignity," Charles Heslop, an admirable hand at brooding, is the only possible husband for Constance; and their hosts, and friends, at Inish, are touched off suitably by the Arts Theatre cast under Charles Hickman. First, though, and always, the De la Mares. "Come the three corners of the world in arms," observes the Bastard at the end of "King John," "and we shall shock them." The last phrase, I think, can speak for the impact of Hector and Constantia upon Inish during the highbrows' tragical heyday.



"A NIGHT OF SOME EXCITEMENT" AT THE OLD VIC: A SCENE IN GEORGE DEVINE'S PRODUCTION OF SHAKESPEARE'S "KING JOHN," WITH (L. TO R., IN FRONT) ARTHUR (NICKY EDMETT), CONSTANCE (FAY COMPTON), LEWIS THE DAUPHIN (JOHN NEVILLE), BLANCHE OF CASTILE (GWEN CHERRELL), CARDINAL PANDULPH (PAUL DANEMAN), LYMOGES, DUKE OF AUSTRIA (LAURENCE HARDY; BEHIND), KING JOHN (MICHAEL HORDERN), KING PHILIP OF FRANCE (WILLIAM SQUIRE), QUEEN ELINOR OF AQUITAINE (VIOLETTA LYEL) AND (EXTREME RIGHT) PHILIP THE BASTARD (RICHARD BURTON).

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"DRAMA AT INISH" (Arts Theatre Club).—All kinds of drama in and out of the theatre. This Southern Irish seaside town had never met Strindberg or Ibsen before: certainly it had never met the De la Mare repertory company. The combination was irresistible, but it had so gloomy an effect on local life that it had at last to be resisted, and the theatre-owner acted promptly. Lennox Robinson's play, neither true comedy nor true farce, could have treated the theme more fully; but the Arts team, led by Binnie Hale and Charles Heslop in Thespian splendour, faithfully serves its dramatist. (October 21.) "BRAZILIANA" (Stoll).—Songs and folk-dances from Brazil. (October 26.) DOUBLE BILL (New Boltons).—Unexpected partners: a Tennessee Williams duologue, "The Property is Condemned," and Molière's "George Dandin." (October 26.) "KING JOHN" (Old Vic).—Shakespeare's chronicle of the "troublesome reign," staged by George Devine, with Michael Hordern unexaggerated as John, Richard Burton a manly Faulconbridge (who seems to have been brought up in Wales), and Fay Compton getting across some, at least, of the sorrows of Constance. (October 27.)



IN BRITAIN TO-DAY: THE "QUADS", A VETERAN CAR RUN, AND A "SMOG" MASK.



SETTING OUT FOR THEIR FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL: THE FIVE-YEAR-OLD TAYLOR QUADS, OF EDMONTON (FROM L. TO R.: ROBERT, KEVIN, PAUL AND ANNETTE) WITH THEIR MOTHER, MRS. BESSIE TAYLOR, LEAVING HOME FOR THE CUCKOO HALL LANE SCHOOL, AT EDMONTON, WHERE THEY ARE PUPILS.



TRYING OUT THEIR NEW BOOTS AND RAINCOATS AT THEIR NEW HOME AT NETTLETON, WILTSHIRE: THE FOUR GOOD QUADS, WHOSE PARENTS HAVE MOVED FROM WESTERNEIGH, GLOUCESTERSHIRE. THE QUADS ARE NOW FIVE YEARS OLD AND ARE ENJOYING LIFE AT ELM-TREE FARM.



DRIVING AN 1898 8-H.P. STEPHENS CAR: MR. R. J. STEPHENS (LEFT) IN THE VETERAN CAR RUN.



FACING THE ELEMENTS IN A 4 1/2-H.P. 1900 DE DION BOUTON: MR. L. MURRAY AUSTIN AND HIS HARDY PASSENGERS.



DAUNTLESS MOTORISTS: MR. W. BROWNING AND MR. G. GRIGS IN A 3 1/2-H.P. 1900 NEW ORLEANS.

The Veteran Car Run from London to Brighton took place on November 1 in driving rain. Organised by the Royal Automobile Club, the run commemorates the Emancipation Day rally in 1896, and only cars dating from 1904 or earlier may take part. There were 169 starters and 142 reached the finish by

4 p.m. and qualified for an award. Among the entrants was the 1904 Darracq which recently featured in the film "Genevieve," and it was driven by Mr. Maurice Gatsonides, the winner of this year's Monte Carlo Rally. The first three to finish were a Progress, a Panhard and a 1903 Clement.



RECOMMENDED BY THE LONDON LOCAL MEDICAL COMMITTEE: THE MATERIALS REQUIRED TO MAKE A SO-CALLED "SMOG" MASK FOR USE IN A LONDON "PARTICULAR." Fog in London last December is believed to have directly caused the deaths of over 4000 persons, and at a recent meeting of the London Local Medical Committee it was suggested that a partial solution to the problem of so-called "Smog" might be found in the wearing of a simple mask made of surgical gauze

TO PROTECT THE NOSE AND THROAT IN LONDON FOG: THE "SMOG" MASK OF SURGICAL GAUZE WHICH IS HELD IN PLACE BY TAPES. secured by tapes tied behind the head. However, a Ministry of Health spokesman has stated: "For elderly people with heart or chest trouble, who may normally find breathing difficult, to wear even a simple mask for any length of time might produce grave risks to health."



## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. FUR AND FEATHER.

By FRANK DAVIS.



MOST people for the past hundred years or so have travelled to Glasgow for merely business reasons—to order a ship or to lure an accountant. Before long it will be necessary to include the place in the itinerary of any young hopeful anxious to obtain the advantages of a liberal education as part of his Grand Tour of the Chief Cities and Principalities of Europe, wherein are to be found the greatest Works of Art and Most Notable Curiosities of Past Ages; in other words, the city will be difficult to avoid, if on pleasure bent, once the great collection presented by Sir William Burrell is housed and visible. How soon that will be I do not know, but meanwhile selected portions of it are on view from time to time, and this year the Burrell Crawhalls—that is, eighty-two out of 132 items by this remarkable painter—have been shown. As a man he can, I think, be accorded a place among English eccentrics, for he seems to have been a roving, gypsy-type of character, more at home on a horse than in society (Cunninghame Graham called him "The Great Silence"); as an artist he was endowed with extraordinary gifts, and it is fascinating to speculate upon the figure he might have cut had he not been sufficiently satiated with this world's goods to render the making of a living unnecessary. That hard discipline was denied him, but whether to a man of his temperament the spur of economics would have been good or ill we shall never know; what he did accomplish in a limited field was extraordinary enough. His father was a Northumberland squire who, unlike most fox-hunting enthusiasts, could draw uncommonly well, as witness the eighteen volumes of drawings by him in the Glasgow Print

Room; he was a friend of Charles Keene, and provided the latter with many of his ideas for *Punch*—indeed, the elder Crawhall's drawings which Keene seems to have used as the basis of his own work are missing from the Glasgow volumes. From this circumstance one can deduce that Crawhall, Snr. was in the habit of sending his friend any of his drawings he thought particularly amusing and suitable; Keene would adapt the ideas contained in them to his own inimitable style and presumably discarded the original—or are there some of these elder Crawhall drawings in existence, innocently masquerading as Keene's? However, that's by the way; the father is interesting and important, not in his own right, but as a mentor to his brilliant son. It must have been a singularly stimulating atmosphere: sportsmanship, fresh air, sufficient cash, horses, hounds, wild life, the wind on the heath—and painting. The pupil was apt, the teacher sympathetic and, I would hazard, very wise, if it is true that he took exceptional pains to encourage young Joseph not merely in the ordinary grammar of drawing, but in drawing from memory, which always seems to me a peculiarly difficult feat requiring exceptional powers of concentration. Certain it is, that, whether by natural



FIG. 1. "THE MEET"; BY JOSEPH CRAWHALL (1861-1913).

(Gouache on linen. 25½ by 24½ ins.)

"The 'oss loves the 'ound and I loves both," said Mr. Jorrocks, and it is obvious that Crawhall loved men as well. Crawhall, although his sole exhibit in the Royal Academy was an oil painting called "A Lincolnshire Meadow," and his work is all slight and sketchy in manner, occupies a definite place among British artists. Indeed, the late Sir John Lavery considered him to be "one of the half-a-dozen of the greatest artists of the time." This gouache is signed at the upper right J. Crawhall.



FIG. 2. "THE AVIARY," THE PARROT HOUSE AT CLIFTON ZOO, BRISTOL; BY JOSEPH CRAWHALL (1861-1913). (Water-colour with touches of gouache on paper. 20 by 14 ins.)

This delightful example of the art of Joseph Crawhall represents a scene in the parrot house at Clifton Zoo, Bristol. The two ladies to be distinguished in the background are Crawhall's sister and Sir James Guthrie's sister. It is signed on the bottom right J. Crawhall, junr., '88.

talent or by taking pains, or, more probably, by a judicious mixture of both, Crawhall acquired something approaching a high-speed photographic lens for an eye and a prodigious memory for every detail of bird and beast; not just the useful but pedestrian ability to place fur and feather of the correct shade in the right places—that is the mark of any sound illustrator of a natural history book—but the rare capacity of understanding the nature of the creature, its manner of moving—I almost wrote of thinking and breathing—and the interplay of light and shade upon it. Add to this uncommon apprehension of animal nature a very balanced sense of decorative values, delicate touches of colour to provide accent and bind the picture together, and you find a man who, beyond most of his generation, comes within nodding distance of those masterpieces of Chinese and Japanese paintings with which, we are told, he was not unfamiliar. I am bound to say I remain something of a sceptic on this last point, because I very much doubt whether anyone outside a very small circle of specialists in the '80's and '90's of the last century had access to the best of Far Eastern painting, though, to be sure, the ordinary run of Japanese prints and so forth would be popular enough. While it is not difficult to discern in Crawhall some affinities with both Chinese and Japanese styles in decoration it does not seem to me reasonable to press this comparison very far, beyond suggesting that Far Eastern art was the fashion at the time, and that he would

naturally share with his friends in Paris and Glasgow the prevailing interest. We notice it specially in him because he confined himself to a rather limited field—mainly water-colour and gouache. Had he worked in oils (and apparently he didn't), it is not likely that influence would have been so noticeable, though I admit it was obvious enough in the case of Whistler. Anyway, he did confine himself to the slighter medium, and within the small compass of his subject matter he really can be entrancing, as witness what is probably the best-known of all his pictures—"Scene in the Parrot House at Clifton Zoo, Bristol," 1888 (Fig. 2). Many people will remember this from various exhibitions—the last one in London was at the Royal Academy in 1939, and I note with interest that its first public exhibition was as long ago as 1901, when it was lent to the International Exhibition at Glasgow.

Crawhall was born in 1861 at Rothbury, near Morpeth, in Northumberland. He was in London for two years from 1877, and was then sent to Paris. He did not stay there long, for he became friendly with Guthrie and others of the very lively Glasgow school of those days—and far more alive they seem to me to have been than their opposite numbers in London. And while I'm stamping up and down Sauchiehall Street like this (and trying to pronounce the word in the proper way), let me remind any supercilious Sassenach who still exists that Glasgow business men were enjoying and, what is more, buying French Impressionists while London was busily engaged in holding up its hands in holy horror. They also (and especially one of them, hence this collection) admired Crawhall and that is one reason why comparatively few people are familiar with his work. The other reason is that the artist destroyed anything which did not come up to the exacting standards he set for himself. He travelled about a good deal, and was particularly attracted by South Spain and Tangiers. His marvellous eye for movement—however horrible the subject to us—is shown to perfection in a water-colour—"The Bullfight." But on the whole, I imagine most people like him best in his own place and among his own people. Fig. 1 speaks for itself, and in addition to his understanding of the nature of horse and hound, gives a very good idea of his capacity not as a portrait painter—that is far too grand a term—but as a, what shall I say?—as a catcher of likenesses in a few rapid strokes. There is no little dignity and sadness in this hunt servant; no, I wish Joseph Crawhall, Junior, had been hard-up, anyway for a few years; he might have accomplished a great deal more. Towards the end of his life he settled at Easingwold, in Yorkshire, with his mother and sister, and there he died in 1913, aged fifty-two.

This selection from the Burrell Crawhalls will be on exhibition at Newcastle-upon-Tyne this month; and at Belfast early in 1954.



# THE ROYAL VARIETY SHOW, AND NEWS ITEMS FROM HOME AND ABROAD.



(ABOVE.)  
AT THE ROYAL VARIETY SHOW: H.M. THE QUEEN WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND PRINCESS MARGARET IN THE ROYAL BOX AT THE LONDON COLISEUM.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, with Princess Margaret and the Duchess of Kent, attended the Royal Variety Show—held in aid of the Variety Artists' Benevolent Fund—at the London Coliseum on Nov. 2. The Royal party received a great welcome, and at the end of the show were given an ovation by the audience of 3000 people.

(RIGHT.) A TOTAL LOSS AND LASHED TO THE SHORE WITH STEEL CABLES: THE TRAINING-SHIP *CONWAY*, AS SHE IS TO-DAY, IN HER 114TH YEAR.

The 114-year-old wooden battleship—she served as H.M.S. *Nile* in the Crimean War—which has been known to thousands of Merchant Navy men and boys as the training-ship *Conway*, now lies a total loss in the Menai Straits, not far from the Menai Suspension Bridge. She went ashore on April 14, when being towed to Bangor, and grounded on a shelf of rock. More recently she was lashed to the shore to prevent her heeling over and blocking the channel.



A "WINSTON CHURCHILL" FOR SALE: "THE TOWER OF KATOUBIA MOSQUE," PAINTED BY THE PRIME MINISTER IN 1943, AFTER THE CASABLANCA CONFERENCE, NOW OFFERED FOR SALE. This painting, reputedly painted by Sir Winston Churchill after the Casablanca Conference, was given by him to President Roosevelt. It was left by the President to his son, Elliott. It is now offered for sale in a New York gallery, and the price asked is £2680.



THE SUPREME INDIVIDUAL CHAMPION OF THE DAIRY SHOW: THE BRITISH FRIESIAN *SMALLBURGH BRENDA*, SHOWN BY MR. J. H. PATERSON, OF SMALLBURGH FARMS, LTD. At this year's Dairy Show at Olympia, the Bledisloe Trophy for all-round dairy cows was again won by the British Friesian breed; and *Smallburgh Brenda*, of this breed, won the supreme championship and the Barham, Shirley and Spencer-Stapleton Cups.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

I THINK it was Chesterton who once described "uniqueness of aspect"—or beauty exquisitely dependent on the point of view—as a synonym for "not quite coming off." Some tales can stand on their own feet; you may abstract them from the setting, you may walk all round, and they are always recognisably the same. While a perhaps enchanted few, if not approached on the right line, tend to dissolve into a joke. This may mean that they don't come off, but means, for sure, that they are very ticklish to deal with. "The Chariot," by Francis Stuart (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), is an extreme example: extreme in sensibility and poetry, and in provocation to the vulgar mind. It is (we are defensively informed) the story of a prostitute who is saved by the love of a good man.

But from that angle of approach, or, rather, non-approach, of course the real book is invisible. For it is not, in fact, the rescue of a prostitute by a good man; it is the spirit's battle with the world. Amos has unequivocally failed in life; he has resigned all hope of getting money by his novels, even of a *succès d'estime*, and he is "unemployable" and penniless. But he will make a shift to live; and, somehow, he will go on writing. And that is really the best way. Amos believes in failure; it is his creed that all true blessedness lights on the failures, and the poor in spirit—on those who "lag behind," and have remained unspotted from the world.

This insight is his deepest self; and when he parted finally with his own hopes, it was like throwing off a disease. But it was also, naturally, a great blow. In theory he may desire the lowest place, he may despise the "money-grubbers"—yet he is not immune from fits of envy and revolt, slighted superiority, and hunger for the "fruits of life." Lena, however, is immune. For she has gazed into the pit, till now the barest, lowliest simplicities are her idea of heaven. It is through her that they impart their blessedness to Amos, who has raised her up.

Which is so far from being the story of a prostitute redeemed, that it reminds me of "Mark Rutherford's Deliverance." The subject, basically, is the same; though, to be sure, the aura and development could not be more unlike. "Mark" has no visionary bloom, no strain of fantasy—and definitely no reprieve. There the austerity is final. Here, after gruelling struggles with the world, the pure in heart escape through a trap-door into a Neverneverland. Only I daren't say what kind; out of the blue, it might appear the funniest of happy endings. Yet in its place it is divinely beautiful and apt—with just a faint twinge of the risible.

## OTHER FICTION.

"Digby," by David Walker (Collins; 10s. 6d.), has the contrasting flaw; it is not quite as laughable as one could wish. Though here again, I am assuming a high standard. It seems too bad to go on nagging about "Geordie," but I'm afraid it can't be helped; after one golden flash, nothing will ever satisfy but a repeat. "Digby" is something like; it is what Geordie's chronicler might very well and most agreeably produce, pending another spark from heaven. Again we have a Highland comedy, but this time more elaborate and ample (since talent now guides the pen), and with a different angle of attack. Digby P. Ross is an American: courtly, impeccable, hard-working, and a little tame. He is the youngish head of a big firm, and the devoted husband of an impeccably attractive wife. Her line is culture and the arts—as he might well expect, but which has yet a tendency to get him down. And lately it has seemed much worse. Everything has gone out of joint; he suddenly detests his life, and has begun to throw things at his secretary.

Of course, the answer is a thorough change. Digby selects the Highlands, writes to a cousin's widower who lives there, and flies head-on into a remedy beyond his dreams. For Colonel Galbraith's niece is a dumb blonde, a Highland chieftain and a hurricane rolled into one. Digby's control is not submerged; it is not even exercised. In this mad world he finds himself a different man—a sportsman, an assaulter of the police, a kilted poet, a kind of universal Cupid. He is hauled up before the magistrates—Colonel Galbraith, that elderly chameleon fiend, and the fair Change in person. When they are photographed, she is entreating him to pay his fine. And that brings Madeleine into the orbit. She, too, succumbs from the word go, and in the end all is incomparably well. Not an inspired success, but a romantic and appealing spree.

"Larry Vincent," by Frances Parkinson Keyes (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 12s. 6d.), resumes the tale of "Steamboat Gothic"—of Clyde, the Mississippi gambler and profiteer, who was remade by love into a husband Lucy could respect. He is an old man now, alone at Cindy Lou and in the world, but for her daughter's little boy. Larry grows up and goes to war, drops in on his French relatives at Monterey, and there, in all the circumstances of romance, finds his true love. The family reject his suit, but they can't stop it. He and Louise return to the plantation, which is now their own; and in the end the "pirate treasure" is discovered, and the curtain falls.

There is no need to have read "Steamboat Gothic"; this is a pleasing story in itself, and not at all obscure. But its most winning feature is nostalgia for the earlier book. Clyde Batchelor, even in age, and even later as a memory, is still the hero. So it is best to start at the right end.

"Which Doctor," by Edward Candy (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), takes us to a children's hospital, on the eve of a paediatric meeting. The great, and large, Professor Honeychurch arrives at a late hour, and has to scramble in over a balcony—thus making the acquaintance of the small Tom Bryant. Two of the other inmates, the "Prof." and Martin Sandeman, he knows of old, and views uncharitably as a pretty pair. Next morning Sandeman is dead, and Tom has evidently run away. Up to this point we are in clover. Hospital setting, characters and style—they are all more than good. Then the detection thickens, and, in a fog of theories and suspects, the attention flags. Which is a common fault with the beginner, especially the bright beginner. But even so, here we have someone to look forward to.—K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## QUEENS AND CATERPILLARS.

IN her foreword to "The Queen Over the Water" (John Murray; 21s.), her biography of James II's Queen, Mary of Modena, Mrs. Mary Hopkirk remarks that "the religious and political issues of the reign of James II. remain highly controversial to this day in some quarters." She is quite right, and it is among the major merits of her work that she contrives to steer so level-headed and convincing a course between the rocks and whirlpools of prejudice. Mary of Modena never wanted to marry James, Duke of York—she wanted, indeed, to be a nun, and would have resisted the combined influence of half Europe, including that of her mother and Louis XIV., but a virtual command from the Pope was too much for her. Having accepted her destiny, she embraced it whole-heartedly, and became, as Mrs. Hopkirk tells us, "one of the very few people who really loved James II."

She was a devout Catholic, but cautious and moderate where her husband was obstinate and blundered through excess of zeal. She was from the first a popular figure, and grew to love England, so that when she and James were forced to retire to Holland at the height of the Oates Plot, she could write to one of her ladies: "You cannot imagine the pleasure I have to hear any news from dear England let them be of What Kynd they will." Mrs. Hopkirk destroys the baseless legend that the infant Prince was smuggled into the Palace in a warming-pan, and refutes the more serious, as well as the more extravagant, versions of that myth. Her style is very pleasantly salted with this kind of wit, as when she writes of Charles II. indignantly refusing to marry a second Queen, that he "made it clear that he preferred adultery to polygamy." Or, again, when she has built up for us a picture of a nation suffering from the mass hysteria induced by the damnable Titus Oates, she refers to Charles as dissolving his "highly-strung" Parliament. (Here, as always, she shows herself a just and reasonable historian, and distinguishes the case of Coleman, who was, in fact, guilty of treason, from those of the Catholic priests, who were not). The finest absurdity of this fantastic period was perhaps the accusation brought against one Elliot, that he was simultaneously a Jesuit and a Mahomedan. Mrs. Hopkirk writes: "But, unversed though they were in comparative religion, this was more than the jurymen could be persuaded to swallow, and Elliot was discharged." The incredible folly of James II. and his extremist advisers is brilliantly marshalled in a single chapter entitled "Devotional Excess," and "Cloak and Dagger" pithily sums up the pathetic atmosphere of plot and counter-plot of the exiled Court at St. Germain. Let no prospective reader be put off by the blurb on the jacket of this book, which conveys an impression singularly out of tune with the book itself. Mrs. Hopkirk has written a remarkable and well-documented biography, bringing a calm, convincing judgment to this turbulent period of history.

I believe that a good deal of the antagonism which scientists have, during the past fifty years or so, been arousing in good, plain people is quite unnecessary. If the scientific writer confines himself to saying to his reader: "Come and admire with me the wonderful works of God"—or, if he does not believe in God, "these wonderful things-in-themselves"—then he can charm and persuade. Not so, however, but far otherwise, if he says: "This is what we scientists have discovered, because we are so clever"—and worst of all, if he adds: "and because we are so clever, you had better all do exactly as we tell you." Mr. Albro Gaul's "The Wonderful World of Insects" (Gollancz and Sidgwick and Jackson; 21s.) belongs, almost wholly, to the first of these categories, and I consequently read it with the greatest enjoyment, even if from time to time I found the information which it contains somewhat overwhelming. I am ready, for instance, to greet without a giggle the fact that some locusts keep their ears in their front knees, and when I am told that within eight weeks the progeny of a single wasp could kill 1,677,500,000,000,000 caterpillars, I merely ask, in the name of all my gardening friends, why they don't just get on with it? Moving from wonder to wonder, I reached page 206, where Mr. Gaul writes: "If we attempt to determine insects' emotions, we encounter a completely different set of rules. In order to know these emotions, if any, we must either read our own psychological background into their behaviour, or we must be an insect. Neither is practicable." Well said, Mr. Gaul!

Mr. Robert Gibbings is an artist and a conversationalist, with an eye for the beautiful and the absurd, and a memory for history and anecdote. It is therefore a most pleasurable experience to travel with him, in his own fashion, "Coming Down the Seine" (Dent; 18s.), although reason tells one that such a journey would, in practice, require more fortitude and indifference to discomfort than one is likely to possess. Part of his voyage was accomplished in a dangerous little boat, part in a barge, and part in the motor-vessel *Yarvic*. Mr. Gibbings and his readers meet fishermen and farmers, keepers of *buvettes* and politely bowing pilots. They call on M. Joseph Krug, and spend several pages in

Paris, for Mr. Gibbings can do the honours of Montmartre and Montparnasse, with that slight air of "Trilby" which the art students of Paris never quite seem to lose, though the decades (and the Germans) may come and go. The author is equally at home with mediæval castles, the history of playing-cards, or *petits verres*. His wood-engravings are agreeable, and his whole book is lit with what I like to think of as Irish charm.

Mr. Alan Houghton Brodrick is another experienced and entertaining traveller. Having in a previous work explored the Barbary coast, he now plunges deeper into the heart of the Continent, and gives us "Mirage of Africa" (Hutchinson; 18s.). Mr. Brodrick can be almost as discursive as Mr. Gibbings, though his book contains a good deal more solid information per square page. But that is not to say that he deals exclusively in the kind of material which would go down well at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society. His interests are as wide as his humanity can stretch them, and his appreciation of the French and of French culture is as deep and as sound as Mr. Gibbings'. But Africa, its history, archaeology and people, are the point in this book.

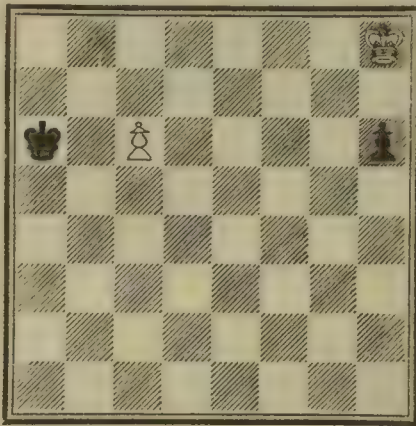
## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE end-game study I give you this week is justly famed.

It has that combination of beauty with simplicity which characterises the very highest in Art:

BLACK.



WHITE.

Study by Richard Reti.

Yes, that is all! Let me make it perfectly clear at once that White is moving *up* the board, Black *down*. Thus White's pawn has only two moves to go to queen. As soon as it advances, however, the black king will pounce on it by ... K-Kt2, so that it certainly does not look a very menacing factor at the moment.

Black's pawn, coming down the board towards us, has five moves to go to queen but appears much more dangerous. How can the White king ever catch it?

The problem is: White, to move, draws the game. How?

This is how!

1. K-Kt7 P-R4

Obviously the only move.

2. K-B6 P-R5

Again, Black must not linger. For instance, if he plays 2... K-Kt3, White grabs Black's pawn by K-Kt5 and the game is over.

3. K-K5 P-R6

Again forced; but now the pawn has only two more squares to go to queen and cannot possibly be caught. What is White's aim?

4. K-Q6!

A neat change of direction. From chasing the enemy pawn, he swings over to shepherding in his own. Note the position: White king on his Q6, pawn on QB6; Black king on his QR3, pawn on his KR6. The play can now take various courses.

A. 4... P-R7; 5. P-B7, P-R8(Q); 6. P-B8(Q)ch and, of course, neither player can win except through an atrocious blunder;

B. 4... P-R7; 5. P-B7, K-Kt2; 6. K-Q7, P-R8(Q); 7. P-B8(Q)ch, similarly;

C. 4... K-Kt3; 5. P-B7, and Black must queen his pawn at full speed, to draw.

Chess is a game. It has also some of the qualities of a science; even in this little study there is an unmistakable glimpse of geometry. Is it not an art as well? The emotions this pretty little composition arouse in me are indistinguishable from those evoked by poetry or music.





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# OUR 1953 CHRISTMAS NUMBER: AN ANNOUNCEMENT AND A FORETASTE OF AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT.



"SNOWY WEATHER," BY CORNELIUS KRIEGHOFF (1812-1872), THE CANADIAN "OLD MASTER": ONE OF THE COLOUR-PLATES, MUCH REDUCED.



"WINTER SPORTS IN SIXTEENTH-CENTURY FLANDERS": A DOUBLE-PAGE REPRODUCTION IN FULL COLOUR OF THE PAINTING BY PIETER BRUEGHEL, THE YOUNGER.



"THE HUNTER'S RETURN": ANOTHER OF THE SET OF FOUR PICTURES BY THE CANADIAN "OLD MASTER" WHICH APPEAR IN FULL COLOUR. HERE MUCH REDUCED.

THIS year's Christmas Number of *The Illustrated London News* is published on November 19 and will be obtainable then at any good-class newsagent or bookstall for 3s. 6d.; or for 3s. 10d., including postage, direct from The Publisher. The early date of publication is due to its very large world-wide circulation and the necessity of ensuring that all countries may obtain it by Christmas Day at the latest.

FOR more than a hundred years our Christmas Number (or in earlier years the Christmas Supplement) has been a loved and traditional feature of the English Christmas and an ever-welcome Christmas present at home and abroad. For a more substantial present to friends and kinsmen all over the world nothing is better than a year's subscription to *The Illustrated London News*, including the Christmas Number; and orders, with the name and address of the recipient, should be sent to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, the price being: Canada, £5 14s.; elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d.; United Kingdom, £5 16s. 6d.



"THE YOUNG SEAMSTRESS"; BY NICOLAES MAES (1634-1693). ONE OF A PAIR OF COMPANION FULL-PAGE COLOUR-PLATES FROM THE 1953 CHRISTMAS NUMBER.



"THE DANCE OF THE ANGELS": A DETAIL FROM A FAMOUS FRA ANGELICO PICTURE REPRODUCED IN FULL COLOUR, AT FULL-PAGE SIZE, IN THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER.



"THE YOUNG GREENGROCER"; BY CORNELIS BEGA (1620-1664) —THE COMPANION TO "THE YOUNG SEAMSTRESS." A CHRISTMAS NUMBER FULL-PAGE COLOUR-PLATE.

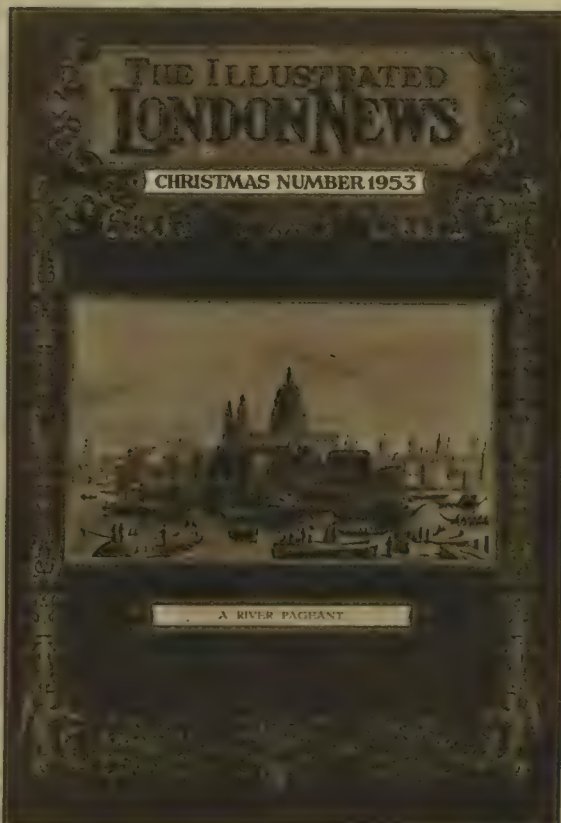
## THE PLATES

### IN FULL COLOUR:

- "The Faerie Queene": A Colour Plate of the Queen in her State Coach.
- "The Dance of the Angels": by Fra Angelico.
- Four Plates of the Flowers and Fruits of Holy Writ; by Winifred Walker, F.L.S.
- "A Still Life": by Jan Van de Velde.
- Four scenes of Canadian life 100 years ago, by Cornelius Krieghoff.
- "A Winter Scene": by Pieter Brueghel, the Younger.
- "The Young Seamstress": by Nicolaes Maes.
- "The Young Greengrocer": by Cornelis Bega.
- "A Still Life": by Abraham van Beyeren.
- "St. George": by Donatello.
- "Holyroodhouse in Winter": by Ernest Uden.
- "Canterbury's West Gate in Winter": by Ernest Uden.
- "Scandal in Paris": by E. F. Montzaigle.
- "The Elfin Waits," a poem illustrated in colour, by E. Purcell.
- Two Plates from a new version of "Uncle Remus," paintings by Neave Parker.

### IN BLACK AND WHITE

Four pages of pictures illustrating Toulouse-Lautrec's art and life.



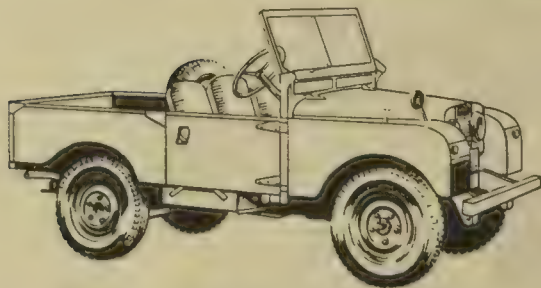
THE FAMOUS RED-AND-GOLD COVER OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" CHRISTMAS NUMBER, INSET, THIS YEAR, WITH A CENTURY-OLD PAINTING OF ST. PAUL'S.

## THE STORIES

IN this great year of the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II., our Queen Regnant, the fiction in our Christmas Number is devoted to specially-written stories of the great Queens Regnant of England, by distinguished modern authors. Mr. Oliver Onions' "Tudor Infanta" concerns Mary Tudor, a story of her childhood, when the young Princess was eight years old, and at Worcester; and it is illustrated by Will Nickless. Mr. Philip Lindsay's "To Be a Queen" is about her half-sister, Queen Elizabeth I., on the eve of her Coronation, remembering her childhood, her humiliations and her love for Robert Dudley. This is illustrated by S. Van Abbé. "Lady Mary Comes of Age," is about Queen Anne and Mrs. Masham and Mrs. Masham's niece, whose lover is fighting in the Battle of Malplaquet; and it is written by Mr. Neil Bell, with illustrations by Gordon Nicoll, R.I. And finally, Mr. T. H. White's "A Link With Petulengro" tells of a charming incident concerning Queen Victoria, on the Christmas before her accession, and describes her visit of charity to a Gipsy mother and her baby encamped outside her mansion gates in the snow. This story is illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.A.



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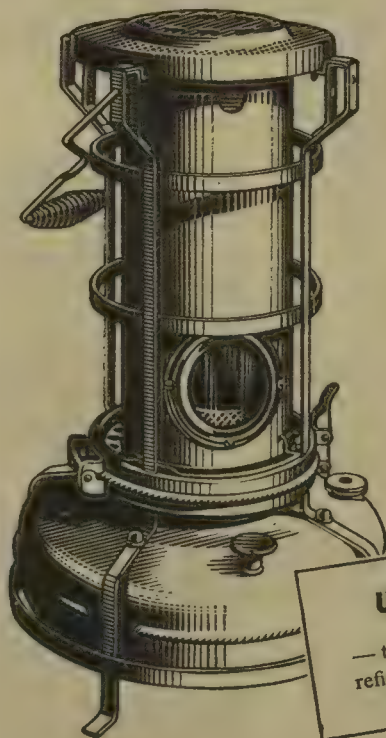
TOM BOWLING rich brown Oloroso

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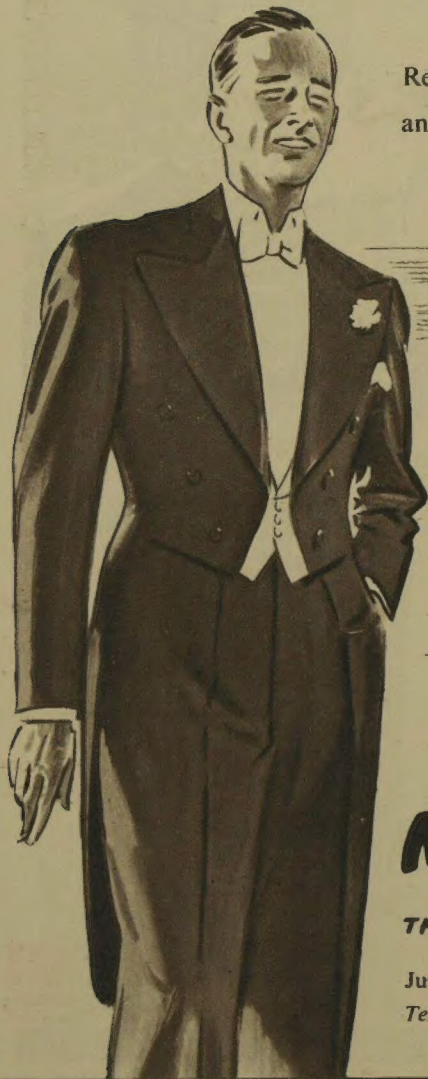
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### \* SCORPIO \*

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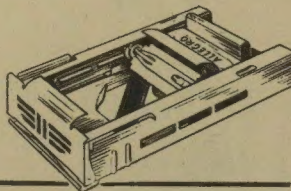
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